

The Aldine

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A DAINY BIT.—AFTER OTTO MEYER.

THE ALDINE.

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THE SONG IN THE DARK.

I HEARD a little bird sing out one morning,
While yet the darkness overspread the sky,
And not a single streak of rose gave warning
That day was nigh;

It sang with such a sweet and joyful clearness,
The silence piercing with a note so fine,
I started, thrilled with sudden sense of nearness
To love divine.

"Oh, weary heart," it seemed to utter, "hearken!
God sends a message to you in my song;
The day is coming, though the shadows darken,
And night is long.

"God sees your eyelids heavy—not with slumber:
The sorrowful tears that make their brightness dim,
And all your patient prayers (no man can number)
Are known to Him.

"The day shall come, your darkness dispossessing:—
And while the bird sang, on my eyelids prest
A weight of sleep, the weary brain caressing
To happy rest.

I slept as children sleep, tired out with crying;
God knows, not I, when I had slept before!
I waked, to find the gracious sunshine lying
Along the floor,

And in its blessed light to see returning
The face of one that was the world to me;
The face my heart, with bitter grief and yearning,
Had ached to see.

The day had come, indeed! O sweetest singer,
The song you sung me in the dark was true,
And would that I could be so swift a bringer
Of joy to you!

Your nest should rock in greenest branches, truly,
And there your shy brown mate and downy brood
Should chirp to you, and spread their winglets duly,
Nor lack for food.

No cruel sportsman ever should beset you,
No sudden tempest ever cause affright,
Nor any ill that birds are heir to fret you,
By day or night.

Vain wish, alas! and valueless completely;
For whether it was blackbird, wren, or lark,
Or silver-throated thrush, that all so sweetly
Sang in the dark,

I never knew—you never more came near me;
But I can trust you, clearly, to His care
Whose tender pity sent your song to cheer me
In my despair.

—Mary E. Bradley.

THE TURKISH SLIPPER.

ONE beautiful summer's afternoon of the year 1854, there might be seen passing along the narrow quay which separated Belek from the blue waters of the Bosphorus, two spirited horses, bearing young Baron Edward de C— and the no less young Miss Mary G—, daughter of the English general recently arrived at Constantinople. The two spoke very little. Miss Mary looked sour; her beautiful white brow was slightly pursed, the corners of her charming mouth were drawn up with something of derision, and she replied only in monosyllables to her companion's enthusiastic remarks upon the beauties of the scene which presented itself to their view. Edward felt unhappy. He had looked forward with such impatience to the arrival of Miss Mary, whom he had known, perhaps loved, when yet attached to the embassy at London. On board of the steamer, whither he had proceeded a few days before to receive her and her father, he had again found the laughing girl, spoiled by the fashionable society of London, and had offered to act as her *cicerone* in Constantinople, having resided there long enough to know the city; but, since landing, her habitual gayety seemed to diminish each hour, and during the last two days, she had succeeded in being quite disagreeable, while Edward was utterly at a loss to explain the cause of so sudden and complete a change.

"See," said Edward, checking his horse, and pointing to the Asian hills, "what a fine prospect! and well adapted to restore serenity to the most sombre

spirit. Why are you so morose, Miss Mary? Do cast your eyes around."

Mary contented herself with shrugging her shoulders, and urged on her horse.

"But what can be the matter with you? What ails you? Not one word?" said Edward, in a tone of mingled anger and sadness.

"What good would it do to tell you? You would not understand me," replied Miss Mary, without even turning toward him. "The men are accustomed to see things as they are, and not as they should be; to sacrifice one impression to another; to give up old and cherished ideas without sorrow and regret—leaving out of account that you are a diplomat, that is to say, the least poetical being on earth, God knows all you have already seen, and how little my words address themselves to you! How could you understand me?"

"Let us see," said Edward, smiling. "It seems to me that I once understood you."

"Very well, then, I will tell you. I am disenchanted, horribly disenchanted. Heavens, how disenchanted I am!"

"Is it possible that I should have altered so much during the two years since we saw each other?" asked Edward.

"What a coxcomb! You, indeed! It is of the East that I speak. I had pictured it to myself as the true land of poetry; and I have found, alas! squalid streets, hideous-looking dogs, wretched houses without the least convenience, where I expected to find palaces, gardens, and Oriental splendor. I cannot express to you how that garb and the black hat offend my eyes, and you see nothing else in the streets of Pera. And the natives! they are filthy, stupid, barbarous. Nothing said about the Turks is true, except their everlasting chibouks, and if, when smoking opium, they have beautiful dreams, their faces certainly do not show it. Really, I do not comprehend how one can knowingly deceive people, as Byron and Lamartine have done. It is the mission of poetry to render mankind happy, not to create dreadful delusions for them. Ah! they never imagined when they wrote their tales that, thanks to steam, the very first person who arrived would discover their impostures in a few days. Pray, where are the naïve, the sensitive, the venerable Osmanlis of Lamartine, and his magnificent Alis of Abydos?"

"And the Suleikas, the Fatimas, the Leilas?" said Edward. "They are imaginary beings also—geese, who waddle in walking, wear muzzles, and out of whom not a rational word is to be got."

"And do you believe me silly enough to look for beauty only among you men? I profoundly regret that there are no Leilas. And yet,—that is not so very certain. Driven cruelly away by men, poetry shuts herself up in our hearts, her last refuge from the noisy crowd of commissioned officers, secretaries of legation, railroad stockholders, and Manchester men."

"True," said Edward, in a tone of conviction.

"It is indeed true, though you look as if you felt like laughing at me. You are the most prosaic man to be met with either in the East or West. Living here these two years, I had fancied that you went out only in a turban, dressed in some garment with large folds, of a bright color and embroidered with gold; but no, I find you wearing a vulgar paletot, a silk hat on your head, and your cheeks covered with ordinary light whiskers, instead of having a fine beard or a palikare mustache. Have I, then, followed my father to this Eastern war to see you all the same bores upon the shores of the Bosphorus that you were in Hyde Park or on the Boulevard des Italiens? The costume is the only beautiful thing left to the Orient, and even that you have not adopted."

Casting her eyes around, she perceived upon the hill above them an Arnaut, clad in a red jacket, with wide, overlapping sleeves, and a gold-embroidered waistcoat, bound with an ample silk girdle, from which depended chains and chainlets of silver.

"Look," said Mary; "a dress of that description you ought to wear."

"You are foolish," replied the baron, with a smile.

At this moment a savage-looking kind of man barred their progress; this creature had a long beard, still longer hair, and a sheep-skin over his shoulder. He wore a small felt cap, and a set of iron utensils hung at his belt. "What is that?" cried Mary, frightened, and she reined in her horse.

"It is a dervish."

"A dervish! I am very glad to meet one, never having seen any before. What does he want of us?"

"He asks alms. Do you not see how he stretches out his crooked paw toward you?"

Mary drew her purse from her pocket with a joyful look, and offered the dervish a piece of silver. He possessed himself of it with so greedy a gesture as to catch her hand at the same time; she withdrew it precipitately, and looked not without disgust at her straw-colored glove, so spotless a moment ago, but now of a mud color, like the hands of the holy man.

"Have the kindness to relieve me of this glove," she said, turning with a wry face to Edward. The latter could not refrain from slightly laughing; he pulled off the glove and threw it into the Bosphorus. "Another of our dreams floating away!" he said, in a tone of affected sadness.

"Do not make fun of me, Baron Edward," resumed she, continuing her way in sufficient ill humor. "You do not know how high you stand in my deceptions. What vexes me most about this country is never meeting with the least little adventure, when, according to your books, one should stumble upon them at every step. To this moment I have not heard of any of the gentlemen we know having had a single one, though we are surrounded by harems, blacks, mutes, fair Circassian slaves, and jealous Turks. Tell me, baron, have you met with any adventure?"

"I leave adventures to the adventurers," was the rather dry reply of the baron.

"That is exactly where you err," rejoined Mary, in an irritated tone; "extraordinary things happen only to extraordinary men."

"I am not an extraordinary man."

"You ought to know by this time, Baron Edward, that an Englishwoman will never love a man who is nothing more than ordinary."

A well-applied stroke with her whip put her bay in a gallop, and she entered a side dingle. The young diplomat followed her in silence. He was painfully affected by the misunderstanding which seemed to exist between him and the capricious girl who had obtained the mastery over his thoughts. How act to give her back her good humor? At that moment he would have been capable of doing anything to re-instate himself in her favor. They threaded a narrow uphill way, bordered on the left by thick brushwood, and on the right by a long whitewashed wall, which was surmounted by a partition of wood.

"What mean those boards?" asked Mary, turning back toward her companion.

"They are there to arrest prying looks; otherwise we could see all that passes in the gardens from the top of this hill."

"And why is it forbidden to see what passes there?"

"Because they are the gardens of a harem."

"Ah, a harem!" exclaimed Mary, bringing her horse to a stop.

"Yes, it is the harem of Abdul Pacha, the most jealous of Mussulmans, and who, they say, has the most beautiful wives in Constantinople."

"Edward," cried the young lady, "Edward, here is an adventure all ready for you!"

The baron was startled. "What new folly is it?" he said. "During those two years of separation you have become terribly English."

"Talk as you like," she retorted, laughing. "I will not be refused; I want you to have an adventure. Go and get over that wall, and, if you find the wives of Abdul Pacha in their garden, bring back with you a little veil, a slipper, no matter what, which I will keep as a remembrance."

Edward looked at her in amazement.

"I am not at all joking," she pursued, "I ask it of you as a proof of friendship, of love, of anything you wish. If you make the attempt—"

"Think, Mary," gravely replied the young man, "think of the scandal which might result from it, think of my position and the embarrassment I should cause the embassy. It certainly is not the danger that—"

"Pshaw! you are afraid!"

"And can I leave you here alone; you, whom your father entrusted to my care?"

"Oh, as for me," she said, laying stress upon the last word, "I fear nothing. I will await you down there behind the bushes."

The young girl's features so clearly expressed her doubts of his courage, and he foresaw so much cutting railery, perhaps even something worse, that he resolved to commit a piece of folly for the beautiful eyes of this willful little creature, whom he loved with

his whole soul. In a kind of despair he alighted from his horse, led the animal close to the wall, gently stroked its back, and then with one bound stood upright in the saddle, taking hold of the top of the wall with both hands. The young Englishwoman clapped her hands for joy. With another bound he was upon the wall. The partition had a narrow ledge, upon which he tried to steady himself by stretching apart his legs; he then set about removing the obstacle before him, and soon, yielding to his repeated efforts, two planks fell with a noise into the garden. An instant later he had disappeared through the breach. Mary could not keep from uttering a scream. She forgot to conceal herself behind the bushes, and remained at the foot of the wall in anxious expectation. On a sudden several female voices were heard, calling for assistance; they seemed to proceed from a number of women scattering in disorderly flight, and finally died away in the direction of the building at the foot of the hill. Then all was silence again. Mary began to tremble all over; she reproached herself with having exposed Edward to manifest danger solely to gratify her love of sport. The silence continuing meanwhile, she took fresh courage by degrees, casting anxious looks toward the breach by which Edward must return; but at the end of some moments the voices were again heard from the side of the house, louder this time, and blended with the voices of men. "Edward! Edward!" cried Mary, madly urging her horse along the wall, as if to seek an entrance; then she dashed toward the plain, to discover some European whom she might call to her assistance. Her terror increased when the noise of fire-arms mingled with these angry voices. "They will murder him!" she cried, in despair, "and I—I shall have been his executioner! Great God! why did he give heed to my foolish words?"

At length the branches of a cypress overtopping the partition moved, and she saw Edward appear and set foot upon the planks. Several pistol-shots were heard, and a ball whistled past his head; but he had already gained the wall. Mary seized the bridle of the Anatolian mare, which had remained immovable near the opening, and led her to the spot where he had just leaped to the ground. "Let us be off!" he said, and he swung himself into the saddle.

They flew like the wind. When she again ventured to look back, Mary perceived three blacks upon the wall, menacing them with their looks and gestures. What frightened her more, however, was the blood trickling down the baron's left shoulder.

"Heavens!" she cried, "you are wounded."

"It is nothing, miss," replied Edward, in so dry and grave a tone that she did not dare to proceed; but she noticed that he held the reins with his right hand. The tears stood in her eyes, and gladly would she have stopped to ask his pardon; but he was riding at full gallop, and she feared to delay him, not knowing whether his wound was serious or not.

Their horses were covered with foam when they arrived at the *hôtél* in Pera. Edward offered her his arm, and, without saying one word, conducted her to her father's apartments. Mary desired to send for a surgeon, and prepared to look in her trunk for something from which to make a bandage.

"Do not trouble yourself, I pray," said Edward, rather coldly. "I did not play the stoic when I told you it was nothing; in a few days this scratch will have healed of itself. Please sit down on this divan, and, to appease your thirst for adventures, I will render you a faithful account of what passed in the garden, having gone there at your command."

Mary obeyed; she had not the courage to say a word. The baron began his relation:

"The breach having been effected, I leaped through it into the garden, into the midst of a beautiful parterre of flowers, my eyes meanwhile exploring the ground selected for the exploits which your kindness had ordered me to achieve. On the graveled walks which run through these gardens, abounding with flowers and shrubbery, but poor in trees, I beheld three or four women taking the air, dressed all in white, and attended by a certain number of black female slaves. They formed several detached groups. The noise of the falling boards must have roused their attention; for the instant I appeared every face was already turned upon me. My sudden apparition at first threw them into a state of mute amazement, and I heard hardly one or two low screams. This silence lasted some seconds—our thoughts actually fly at such moments—and it seemed to me that these ladies did not feel too much like screaming. It was one of the negresses who gave the alarm, by uttering

a cry of distress and running down the slope on the side of the building. Then the others seemed to awake as from a dream, and fled in their turn with loud cries. However, they did not all disappear into the house. One of these women, who had been in the most elevated part of the garden, which obliged her to pass me, threw herself into a kiosk, after having surveyed me with some curiosity. Instinctively, I had almost said, attracted by a magnetic force, I darted toward her place of concealment. Ah, what a sight was there presented to my view! Extended upon a divan in the background of the kiosk, her face without a veil, lay the loveliest Circassian ever bought at Stamboul for the sum of sixty thousand piastres. With one glance, my thirsty eye drank all the beauties of this enchanting picture. Never yet had I seen features of such perfection, eyes so burning, so full of languor, fringed with such long eyelashes, never so splendid a figure—"

Mary fetched a deep sigh. "The odalisques are geese, you said, and have a waddling gait."

"I beg pardon, then, of the odalisques and of you, Miss Mary; I committed an act of sacrilege. Moreover, I owe you thanks for having compelled me to seek this adventure, but for which I should ever have been unjust toward the loveliest creatures on earth, and should not find myself richer by one very sweet experience."

"Continue your recital," said Mary, imperiously.

"Very well. There she lay, trembling, yet smiling with graceful abandon. I made her a more profound bow than I would have made before the Sultan, and kissed her hand. She smiled again at this singular custom of the Franks, but kindly allowed me to do so. 'Oh, cadine,' I said, 'flower of the harem, thou art the light of my eyes!' Dispense with my telling you more; what I said and what I did, I said and did in a kind of drunkenness. All I remember is, that Fatima herself—"

"Her name is Fatima, then?"

"Yes, Fatima, like the celebrated daughter of the prophet, who was surely less fair. What I remember, I say, is, that Fatima entreated me to leave her when we heard the noise proceeding from the harem. 'I will not depart,' I cried, 'until thou hast given me some remembrance to take with me.'

"Take!" said she, and I seized this slipper, which had fallen from her foot."

At these words Edward produced from his pocket a little red velvet slipper, wrought with gold and pearls, which he placed upon the table. Mary took it and examined it on every side. "It is made without any taste," she murmured.

"But see how tiny it is," said Edward.

"Rather tiny, indeed," replied Mary, in a tone of mockery. "The Turkish women walk with their toes turned in, which spoils the prettiest foot."

"The Turkish women; but not the Circassians."

"Well, and suppose they do not? Proceed."

"Starting to my feet, I looked around me for some means of egress; but already two blacks were hastening toward me with curses. Fortunately, one was so corpulent that he advanced only with difficulty, so that at first I had to deal only with his acolyte. He threw himself upon me and seized me by the arm; but I disengaged myself, and gave him a blow in the chest with my fist, which sent him sprawling to the ground. At this sight the fat black stopped, hesitatingly, at a respectful distance, uttering piercing cries in revenge. I again sought some means of escape; the wall was too high to be scaled, and I no longer had my horse to serve me for a footstool. In this perplexity I heard these words pronounced behind me, in a low tone: 'Climb the tree!' It was Fatima, showing me the road to safety. I cast a last look of gratitude upon her, and ran toward the cypress which she had indicated; but this cypress is situated just on the edge of the path leading to the house, at the end of which I saw a third adversary appear the same instant—a kind of kavas, or guard, his belt garnished with various weapons. We were both in such great haste, and the path was so narrow, that, running violently against each other, we rebounded like two balls. He drew his khandjar and aimed a blow at me, which I parrying, it only grazed my shoulder; at the same time, seizing his right arm, I wrung it with so much force above his head, that the pain made him drop his sabre. Having thus disarmed him, I took advantage of his surprise to ascend the cypress, and, indeed, I had need of haste; for, through the foliage, I caught a glimpse of a whole troop of whites and blacks, hurrying to the scene of action with fire-arms. I had climbed as high as the partition of boards, when

they sent a bullet after me, which fortunately missed its mark. You know the rest." Having spoken thus, Edward rose and took his hat.

"You are not going to take tea with us?" asked Mary, with a slight quiver of her voice.

"Thank you, Miss Mary; but I must go and get my wound dressed. For the rest, you will pardon the neglecting my duties as *cicerone* a little this week. I do not think I shall be able to go out before next Thursday."

"Why Thursday?"

"Because I have some business of importance on that day," replied the baron, with a mysterious smile.

"Edward," said Mary, trying to smile in her turn, "confess that your Fatima is a mere fable."

"No, Mary. You can see her in person next Thursday, in the Valley des Eaux-Douces."

"So that is your business of importance?" she cried in anger. "I should never have believed," she added, with a contemptuous pout, "that you knew how to arrange rendezvous in so little time. It is a new talent I discover you to possess."

"Circumstances give birth to talents," replied he, shrugging his shoulders. He bowed and walked to the door; paused an instant, as though reflecting, and then returned to the table.

"Miss Mary," he said, in an insinuating tone, "this slipper rightfully belongs to you, seeing it was for you I got it. But it has no value in your eyes, and you will find many prettier ones at the bazar. I, on the contrary, should be most happy to possess it; will you give it to me?"

"I will not, Baron Edward!" she cried, rising at one bound and seizing the slipper. "The slipper is mine, and I mean to keep it."

"As you like," calmly returned Edward. "Not for anything in the world," he added, with the tone of a man who desires to dispel every shadow of suspicion, "would I have you believe me enamored of Fatima."

On the morning of the next day, the baron sent for the dragomans and all the others in the employ of the embassy, and directed them to spread the report that a Frank—some Spanish adventurer—having broken into the harem of Abdul Pacha, had been wounded, and had died of his wounds. This report, he said to himself, will reach the ears of the pacha, who will think his vengeance satisfied, and push matters no farther; we shall thus escape the scandal that would result from the affair. And it happened as he had expected.

Twice a day, a domestic from Miss Mary came to inquire after Edward's health. On Thursday, toward evening, he delivered to him the following note:

"DEAR FRIEND: I have just returned from the Valley des Eaux-Douces, and am happy at not finding you there. No more did I meet your Fatima, at least none of the Turkish ladies whom I saw answered your description, and I assure you that I looked at them closely, notwithstanding their veils. Confess, then, at length, that this Fatima is a fable invented to torment me, or, rather, to punish me as I deserved. If such was your purpose, you have, I admit, fully accomplished it. I have passed the last few days in remorse and grief. Come, as soon as your wound will permit, that I may tell you all by word of mouth, that or something else, as you may wish."

MARY."

Edward carried this note to his lips. "I am not a Knight Delorges," he said, putting on his coat, "and, after all, she did not send me into a lion's den, although these hideous creatures are little better."

Their happiness at meeting again after those three days was greater than that experienced the first time after two years of separation. Still, Mary's peace of mind did not return until Edward had solemnly assured her that his Fatima was a pure invention, like the Suleikas and Leilas of the poets.

"But how did you get the slipper?"

"In a very simple manner. One of the cadines who scampered away—for they all took to flight—lost it, and I picked it up."

"Edward," said Mary, after a moment's reflection, "you are a sensible man, and, when we are married, you will know how to tease me properly."

"I hope so," he returned, kissing her upon the forehead. "But, to remind us that I have been obliged to begin so early, we will have a glass case put over this slipper, and place it in your boudoir."

"And when shall we return to England? I have quite enough of Turkey."

"As soon," replied Edward, with diplomatic gravity, "as soon as the authority of the tanzimat and the right of navigation of the Black Sea are secured."

"To be candid, these matters interest me very little," said Mary.

"My dear Mary, you are a true child of your country."

—Maurice Hartmann.



MARYLAND HEIGHTS, HARPER'S FERRY.—J. D. WOODWARD.

THE OLD DOMINION.

[SECOND PAPER.]

THE tragedies of nations, like the tragedies of individuals, are perpetuated by history, while their prosperities are overlooked. We remember the names of places where battles were lost and won much longer than we remember the names of places which are only remarkable for their natural beauty or sublimity. The shot that is fired in battle-fields is heard round the world, as Mr. Emerson tells us, and the shot that was fired in the battle-fields of Virginia ten years ago has not ceased to reverberate yet. It is freighted with the memory of brave men, and dark and bloody ground, which would have remained unknown but for the sacrifice of human life thereon. Virginia is filled with such graves: they are scattered up and down the Valley of the Shenandoah, and they cluster about that frowning portal through which the contending armies alternately advanced and retreated—Harper's Ferry. The pro-

logue which foreshadowed the "impending conflict" was begun there one Sunday night in October, fourteen years ago, when the United States Arsenal was captured by old John Brown. It ended some two months later, when he met his fate on the gallows. The tragedy which it opened is supposed to have closed at Appomattox Court House six years later.

Harper's Ferry was famous in a quiet way, and had a history of its own, before John Brown was born. Its situation was greatly admired by Jefferson, who pronounced the passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge at this point, "one of the most stupendous scenes in nature, and well worth a voyage across the Atlantic to witness." This would not be saying much now, when Atlantic voyages are made in ten or twelve days; but when Jefferson wrote, which was upward of ninety years ago, it was saying a great deal. It was not an age of speed, but an age of time; instead of palace cars and mammoth steamers there were stage-coaches and sailing-packets. We will not undertake to state how long it took on an average packet to cross the Atlantic then; but it was

long enough to make a traveler stop to think before he crossed it, with no other object in view than sight-seeing. Jefferson did not exaggerate, however; he could not exaggerate the grandeur of the scene at Harper's Ferry. The town is situated—some of our readers may need to be told—on the southern bank of the Potomac, at the mouth of the Shenandoah, at the base and in the shadow of the Blue Ridge. It is picturesquely built around the foot of a hill, and connected with the opposite bank of the Potomac by a magnificent bridge. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac on this bridge, the Winchester and Potomac Railroad has its northern terminus in the town, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal is in the immediate neighborhood. The Maryland Heights on one side, and the Loudon Heights on the other—portals of the beautiful and fertile valley of the Shenandoah—look majestically down on the lordly river at their base. It is supposed by many that the whole Valley of Virginia was at one time a sea, and that during some great convulsion of nature the imprisoned waters found an outlet here.



HARPER'S FERRY, FROM THE HILL.—J. D. WOODWARD.

A remarkable rock, which commands a view both of the Potomac and the Shenandoah, and their junction, is held in veneration here on account of Jefferson, whose name it bears, and who is said to have written his "Notes on Virginia" while seated upon it.

1796, when the erection of the National Armory was commenced by Government.

Harper's Ferry, as we all remember, suffered much during the war. It was the scene of daring raids, and was frequently in possession of the Union and Confederate forces. The armories and Government works were of course destroyed. It was also visited by a destructive freshet which swept down the Valley of the Shenandoah in the summer of 1870. The water rose suddenly one night, and pouring into the principal street swept away houses and their inhabitants to such an extent that most of those who lived in what is called the

prosperity sadly, and imparted to it an air of desolation and decay.

Happily for us, this is not visible in the illustrations of Mr. Woodward, who shows us Harper's Ferry from the hill of art, figuratively speaking, and in the distance that always lends enchantment. We see the lordly river along which it lies, and the long train of cars which are approaching it, and which at our height do not deafen us with their rattle and clatter. They are silent as the train which is dashing over the distant bridge, silent, shadowy—vanishing! He takes us back in thought to days when the Old Dominion was in all her glory—when her generous soil was cultivated by her greatest men, one of whom, seated upon a rock, is jotting down on paper, with the hand that wrote the Declaration of Independence, the notable things that he sees about him, that the world may know how beautiful the Old Dominion is.

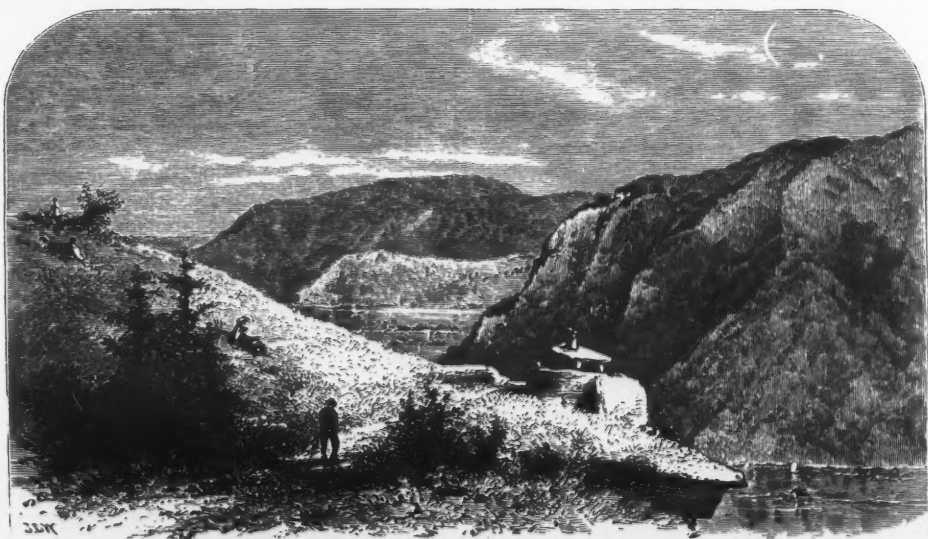
Mr. Woodward takes us with him along the Shenandoah, and with the privilege that art enables us to exercise we are just where we choose to be. We start at the South Fork, say, and follow its three streams until they unite at Port Republic; thence we drift along through the Valley of Virginia until we meet the North Fork at Front Royal; finally we are at Harper's Ferry again. It is a delightful voyage that we have made, and its greatest charm, apart from the river itself, and the beautiful scenery along its winding banks, is that which is imparted by the perpetual presence of mountains, which have risen before us and sunk behind us in the wooded slopes and misty summits of the Blue Ridge.



ON THE SHENANDOAH RIVER.—J. D. WOODWARD.

Harper's Ferry became a place of national importance during the administration of Washington, who visited it in person, and suggested that it should be selected as the site of a National Armory—a suggestion that was carried into effect in 1794. Congress applied to the General Assembly of Virginia for permission to purchase the site, and, by a vote of the latter, permission was given to purchase a tract not exceeding six hundred and forty acres. A body of land containing one hundred and twenty-five acres was accordingly purchased from the heirs of a Mr. Harper, a former proprietor, from whom the place, which had been called Shenandoah Falls, takes its name. This tract is contained in a triangle formed by the two rivers, and a line running from river to river along what is now called Union Street. A second purchase, embracing three hundred and ten acres, was added, and it is upon this tract that the village of Bolivar now stands. Some time afterward, Congress was desirous of obtaining the benefit of the fine timber growing on the Loudon Heights, and not considering it proper—if a reader of to-day can credit the statement—to ask any further grants from the State of Virginia, leased in perpetuity of Lord Fairfax, proprietor of the "Northern Neck," the right of all timber, growing and to grow, on a tract of thirteen hundred and ninety-five acres on the Loudon Heights, immediately adjoining Harper's Ferry. Such in brief, and with as little topography as possible, is the history of Harper's Ferry down to

"Island," a low neck of land just above the town, were drowned. The national importance of its situation, and the wild and beautiful scenery by which it is surrounded, will prevent Harper's Ferry from ever sinking into insignificance, though the stormy events of which it was so often the theatre have marred its



JEFFERSON'S ROCK.—J. D. WOODWARD.

SEBASTIANO AT SUPPER.

[Michael Angelo's most famous pupil was Sebastiano del Piombo — so called from his being made Keeper of the Papal Seals, through which appointment he was enabled to live without work. But for his excessive indolence and self-indulgence, he might have disputed the palm with any of his contemporaries. All Art-pilgrims will remember his masterpiece in the Church of San Gian Grisotomo, Venice.]

I.
— HA! ha! How free and happy I am,
Here in my rollicking, careless calm,
With never a scowling monk to gibe,
Or harry me for the crab-like way
They tell me I work. That beggarly tribe,
Priors and abbesses, deem that a day
Must count in the life of a picture. Fools!
They think that they grow like mushroom stools.
— "Here's so many feet of bare, blank wall —
Here's so many days to fresco all."
Bah! Through the Father's grace, that's past,
And I'm free — do you hear, friends? — free at last,
With only the Seals upon my mind;
As idle a Frate as you'll find
In Rome or out of it. Here are we,
Gandolfo and Messer Marco — three
Right merry old roysterers, faith, we be;
The night is before us; with many a chorus,
We'll set the rafters a-ringing o'er us;
For I vow I never could tell which art —
The brush or the bow, most swayed my heart.
— Yes, yes — his worship Ippolito
Once served me a sorry trick, I know —
The time he sent — (he was love a-craze,
And wanted the work quick done) — relays
Of horses for speed, when I went to paint
The Donna Guelma: she was the saint
His prayers were said to, in these old days!
Well — would you believe it? Nathless, 'tis true;
I left my pigments behind and brought
My viol, as uppermost in my thought:
— And what did his Cardinal graceship do?
He smashed and he crashed the strings right through.
And so, thereafter, I could not shirk,
For music, a single day of work.
Aye, aye — be sure 'twas a brutal shame,
But it helped in a month to build my fame,
For I need not tell you the picture's name.

II.
Heigho! with a sweet relief I sigh,
As I lounge so masterless here — you by,
Dearest of comrades — sigh to think
How Michelagnolo pinned me down,
Granting me scarcely leave to wink,
Impaled all day on his frescoes brown
(Lout that I was to fear his frown!)
No toil can tire him out: he'll be
Still fresh — you mark me — at ninety-three,
With muscles like his own David's. Well
It was that we quarreled; for who can tell,
If under his grand, resistless will,
I might not have been a captive still?
I think the Maestro hates me though:
My debtor I made him long ago,
And it rankles his terrible pride. You see,
I went to Ischia once to paint
The lovely Marchesa; (What a saint
Of a wife Colonna had! — and he —
But we'll tell no tales; it's all forgiven,
Now that he's been so long in heaven);
And the picture I gave the master, who
Had learned to worship that face, as you
Worship Our Lady's; nor would I touch
In boot, a *biaccho*: 'tis so much
To have him beholden! And that is how
The liking of yore is hatred now.

Ah, well-a-day! I have loved my art,
Beautiful mistress she ever was!
And yet we are not unloth to part,
Though bound together for years — because
I inwardly groan to come and go,
At beck of the best; and I leave her so.
Besides, I own, of the perilous stuff
The world calls fame I have had enough.
To Giulio, Perino, and such, 'tis best
I think, on the whole, to leave the rest.

— I'm garrulous: why have you let me waste
My breath a-chattering? Only taste
This vintage, and own it might cheat the Fates,
And see you, my friends, the supper waits.

— Margaret J. Preston.

SUGARING OFF.

"FIRST-RATE day for sugar makin'! Last night froze everything stiff, an' the sun has riz as clear an' bright as a new brass button."

And Squire Strong rubbed his rough palms complacently as he bent over the glowing stove upon which his wife was frying her breakfast-cakes; then, with a sidelong glance from beneath his shaggy eyebrows at the girlish figure just emerging from the pantry, he continued:

"I jest met Worth's Ben, out here in the road, an' he offered his help up 'in the sugar orchard to-day."

The pretty face in the doorway flushed a little, but the rosy lips remained firmly closed, as Mrs. Strong, looking up from her work, remarked, in her pleasant, motherly fashion:

"Oh, he's got home, then — has he? How thankful Mrs. Worth'll be! She misses 'im dreadfully when he's away, an' no wonder, seein' he's all the child they've got left. When did he come, squire?"

"I dunno; why, I declare, I never thought to ask 'im. Did you know that he'd got home, Say?"

"No."

The pantry door and Say's lips closed with a snap that was significant of something — *wrong*, judging by Mrs. Strong's anxious glance from the door to her husband's face — *right*, if one might trust the shrewd old squire's answering smile:

"Don't you worry, ma'am," he whispered, reassuringly, with a nod toward the closed door. "It'll all come out right in the end. Never you fear but we'll see our little girl settled down in a happy home of 'er own, close to us in our old age. Give the young folks line enough, an' they'll twist it into a marriage noose, fast enough, if they're only jest *let alone*."

Mrs. Strong smiled rather doubtfully.

"I'm afraid —" she began; but at that moment in walked Say, cream pitcher in hand, and a color in her cheeks that almost put to shame the scarlet of the asparagus berries that nodded knowingly at her from their perch above the little looking-glass.

"Shall I put the cakes on the table, now, mother?" she asked in very much the same tone with which, the next moment, she rebuked the encroachments of her favorite kitten:

"Scat! What are you up to now? you hateful cat!"

The breakfast passed off without its usual accompaniment of pleasant chat and good-natured merriment; for Mrs. Strong was too much troubled with her daughter's unaccountable behavior, and her husband was too thoroughly engrossed with his plans for the day's work, to be as talkative as usual; so that Say, who seemed, somehow, to have suddenly developed a new element in her character, had the field entirely to herself; a privilege that she availed herself of in a way that aroused even her gentle mother's indignation. "I do wish, Say," she said, at last, with unusual sharpness, "that you'd stay tormenting that kitten so. If you're going to give her that bit of meat, why don't you do it, an' not keep puttin' it close to 'er nose, an' then snatchin' it away? I do hate to see any creatur tanterized so."

"I'm only playing with her, mother. She rather likes it, and," in a lower tone, "so do I."

"I think," interrupted the squire, who, having finished his meal, was now briskly preparing to take his departure for the scene of his day's labors, "I'll send Jim over to Jordan's an' borrow his kettle, for if I have Ben Worth to help me, we might as well be tendin' two fires as one; and, Say," turning to his daughter, "if you don't mind the trouble, I wish you'd bring me a luncheon some time in the evenin'. I don't s'pose I shall get through till pretty late — an' some hot coffee, and, if you have 'em handy, a few hot buttered biscuits won't come amiss after eatin' a cold dinner an' supper. Got my dinner pail ready, ma'am?" to his wife; and as she hurried off to bring the nicely packed lunch, he whispered with a comical glance under his daughter's down-cast lids:

"Ben asked after you, this morning; but I thought I wouldn't ask 'im in, just at breakfast time so."

"I'm glad you didn't."

There was a good deal of petulance, with a not quite hidden undertone of disappointment in the tone, that the listener was shrewd enough to interpret, and wise enough to pretend ignorance of.

"Well, I shall look for you with my supper any time before nine," he said, in his briskest, most matter-of-fact tones; while Mrs. Strong, who had entered just in time to hear the concluding words, remarked helpfully:

"I'll go with you, Say, if you're skittish about goin' alone."

"Oh, dear, no! I'm not such a fool, I hope, as to be afraid to go over ground that I've known every foot of all my life;" and with this energetic disclaimer of her mother's imputation upon her courage, Say whisked up a pile of plates, which she deposited in the sink just in time to catch, through the back window, a full view of a young man, tall, strong armed and broad chested, whose light, closely curling hair was covered with a jauntily worn jockey cap, while the trousers beneath his loosely fitting blouse were of a fashionable cut and material, that

made Say's sharp little nose take to itself an extra elevation, as she muttered, scornfully:

"Why didn't he wear an old hat and trousers, as anybody else would? Broadcloth pants! They'll look pretty, I guess, after a day's work at emptying sap buckets." And, thriftily indignant, the little housewife rattled her dishes into the pan with a vim.

"He's growing to be a regular dandy, a perfect sap-head!" she mused, half angry, half regretful, as she leaned forward, involuntarily, to catch a last glimpse of the tall figure disappearing in the wood path that led to the sugar orchard; "and," with a little defiant twist of her dish towel, "if there's anything on the face of the earth that I do hate and despise, it's a *silly man*."

It was a clear, cold night, and the snow that carpeted the wood path crackled frostily beneath Say's light tread, as, with her pail of steaming coffee, she hastened along in the direction of the sugar orchard, where her father was already getting a little impatient for the appearance of his promised lunch.

The moon was at its full, and shed a flood of light upon the snow-laden branches above her head, until every separate twig seemed a ghostly finger pointing, as with one accord, toward the sugar orchard.

"Forward — to your fate!" whispered imagination, rendered suddenly bold by the stilly beauty of the time and place, and, for a moment, the girlish face assumed a look of dreamy tenderness, in keeping with its fair yet half weird surroundings; but the next her favorite watch-dog, common sense, gave the alarm — the spell was broken, and, with an angry flush at her own foolish fancies, she hurried forward, and muttered:

"My coffee will be as cold as the moonshine, if I stop to watch that."

And yet, as she caught a glimpse of the ruddy fire-light through the trees, she paused for a moment, toying nervously with the tassels of her hood, as through the stillness she could distinctly catch the sound of a familiar voice that was neither her father's rough, unmusical bass, or Jim's boyish treble, but a clear, ringing tone that sent its cheery echo down the long, wooded avenues, until it seemed as if the snow spirits had caught the pleasant sounds, and were tossing them gleefully from one to the other, in the shadowy tops of the pine and fir trees.

"He's there still," Say muttered, in a pettish undertone, "but I don't know as that's any business of mine;" and she stepped boldly forward into the lighted circle, and without a look to right or left, marched straight up to where her father stood carefully watching the boiling sap in a great iron kettle that, swinging lazily from its crane of tough birchen wood, presented its round, black sides to the attacks of the roaring, wrathful fire with an equanimity worthy of notice.

"Here's your coffee, father. How are you getting along?"

"First rate! We've had an uncommon good day; sap's run like a sluice all day long, an' I've been on the clean jump every minute, till I'm pretty well tuckered out. Ben!" raising his voice high above the noisy bubbling of the boiling sap, and the equally noisy snapping and roaring of the fire beneath — "Ben, here's our luncheon. Let Jim tend your fire, an' you come an' get yer coffee before it cools."

A heavy step crunched the snow beside them, and Say's brown eyes were uplifted in careless recognition.

"How do you do, Ben?" with a glance at the soiled and bespattered broadcloth, "you're quite a stranger to your country friends; I didn't even know that you were at home, until father happened to mention it this morning."

"I only came last night."

The young man's tone was subdued, and he cast a timid, appealing glance at the coldly indifferent face of the girl beside him.

She laughed rather derisively:

"You must have felt particularly anxious to see your friends at home, to spend the whole day out here in a neighbor's sugar orchard."

"Oh, Ben knows what he's about!" interrupted the squire, laughing. "He knows that I can tell him more news in one day than he could hear at home in a week."

It was a happy diversion, restoring the young man's self possession, and giving Say time to feel somewhat ashamed of her uncalled-for sharpness, and the two were soon chatting together with the freedom and frankness of life-long friends and neighbors.

"When are you going back to the city?"

And Say took a dainty sip of the delicious syrup that she was cooling in her father's coffee cup,—a sip too soon, judging from the slight grimace that distorted her pretty face, as Ben replied significantly: "Never—to stop."

"I thought you liked there," she said, coldly.

"No;—country life is the life for me. Clover fields are sweeter to me than the perfume of jockey club and cologne, and," giving his voice a tender significance, "the artless simplicity and unadorned beauty of the country maiden is far more lovely in my eyes than the flounces and furbelows, the airs and affectations, of her fashionable city sisters."

Say gave a little impatient twirl to the cup in her hand.

"Nonsense!" she retorted contemptuously, "you talk like the hero in a third-rate newspaper story."

The young man colored, as much with anger as mortification:

"How sharp you are, Say!" he said deprecatingly. "You won't allow any one to express his own sentiments in his own fashion without making fun of him. I do like the country and everything about a farmer's life better than I do the city and trade, and as for—"

Say interrupted him again in her most acid tones: "There, there! I've heard enough of that. No doubt your parents will be glad to have you at home with them."

She spoke the concluding words with a cool indifference that made her listener's face redden angrily.

"I'm not going to stay at home, now. I shall start for California next week," he said, with a little quaver of pain in his voice, that Say pretended not to notice.

"Do you think you'll like country life there better than at home?"

She asked the question with an ill-concealed smile, that roused the young man's temper beyond control.

"If I meet with scorn and contempt there," he said wrathfully, "it will be easier to bear as coming from the hands of strangers than from those whom I have counted upon, all my life, as friends."

Say said nothing, but her face, as seen by the ruddy firelight, was coldly unmoved, and the young man turned away with a proud light in his eye that contrasted strangely with the grieved and quivering lip.

"Well, squire," he said, with an effort at careless ease that did not escape the old man's keen eye, "you don't need me any longer, I suppose? so I'll just say 'good night,' and be off for home." And scarcely waiting to hear the other's cordial thanks for his timely assistance, he walked hastily away, and in a moment more was lost to sight in the shadowy forest beyond.

The old man watched his retreating figure, with a face at once grave and puzzled.

"There ain't a finer *lookin'* young fellow in town," he said to himself, and the look of perplexity deepened on his kindly face as he glanced across at his daughter's trim little figure, clearly defined against the glowing fire that she was leisurely feeding from a stock of chips and broken branches on the ground beside her; "and *she* always did think, till lately, that he was as good as the best. I don't see, for my life, what's come over her, all at once. Here, Jim," addressing his boyish assistant, "this kittleful is biled enough, an' you may dip it off into the pans, while I see to the rest."

And he walked briskly across to where his daughter was still assiduously feeding the fire beneath the other kettle.

"Biled most enough?" he asked, and pouring as he spoke a ladleful of the boiling liquid upon a patch of clean untrodden snow at his feet.

"Not quite," taking a piece of the suddenly hardened mass in his practiced fingers. "It'll take half an hour's bilin' yet;" and comfortably disposing himself upon one end of the mossy log that served his daughter for a seat, he added, in the most innocent tone imaginable:

"Ben's gone home."

Say answered never a word.

"I never see sech a fellow," resumed the old man, meditatively whittling away upon a soft pine chip which he was slowly fashioning into the form of a probe; "why, he's as strong as an ox; he's done one o' the biggest day's works, ter day, that I ever saw done in my life. I don't wonder, with his bones an' muscles, that he can't be contented ter sell salts an' senna over a city counter, all his life."

Say nibbled unconcernedly at the bit of candied syrup in her hand, while her father went on in a more confidential tone:

"He's saved enough out of his clerk's wages to pay his expenses out ter Californy; an' there he'll stay till he gets enough ter pay off the mortgage on the old place, stock it well, an' put up new buildin's, with, maybe, a nest-egg for a rainy day, and then he's comin' back to spend his life with them he loves, in the old home."

There was a bit of unconscious romance in the concluding words that Say shrewdly mistrusted was but the echo of another's words—an echo that grated harshly upon her stubbornly unappreciative ear, and she said shortly:

"Good plans are well enough, if they are only carried out, but it's *my* opinion that Ben Worth will get as sick of California as he has of city life. He never knows his own mind ten minutes at a time."

The squire looked gravely reproachful, but Say would not heed the look, and as he spoke she held up before her face a green, bristling pine bough that served no less as a screen from her father's keen eyes than from the heat of the blazing fire.

"Say, my girl, what's the trouble? What have you got agin Ben Worth, lately, that you don't treat him hardly decent? an' when you speak of him, it's pretty sure to be with a slur. Everybody else likes 'im, and I'm sure you won't find a steadier, smarter, better-behaved young man anywhere round than he is. Now, what do you hate 'im so for?"

Say's face changed from red to white and back to the red again, behind her improvised screen, before she answered, hesitatingly:

"I don't hate him, father, and—sometimes, I do really—like him very much. But, father," her voice grew stronger now, "he has taken to saying and doing such foolish, nonsensical things, lately, that he puts me out of all patience with him. A silly woman is bad enough, but there's nothing on earth that I do so despise as a *silly man*."

"Got some o' yer old father's grit about ye, I guess," laughed the squire, with a brightening face, and as he slowly stirred the clear, golden brown liquid in the kettle, he added, sagaciously: "I understand it all now,—Ben needs time to *sugar off*, that's all, you see," dropping into the philosophical with a relish and readiness that proved his taste for that mode of reasoning; "everybody, men and women too, has a *sap season* in their lives, when they're all sunshine one minute, an' all frost the next,—they're like maple sap, just sweet enough ter be terrible *sickish* as a regglar drink, and not half sweet enough ter be of any earthly use. Now what they need is a good thorough bilin' over the fire of experience, an' very often of real sufferin', ter scatter the nonsense an' vanity in 'em, and bring all the real goodness an' strength of their natures into one sweet, firm, perfect whole."

Say's lips quivered a little, but she answered with a well-assumed indifference:

"I have seen *sugar* that was of little more use than the sap itself."

"That's the fault o' the bilin'!"

And the old man bestirred himself to dip off the now perfected syrup, while Say watched with outward composure, but with an unsettled restless heart, the familiar process.

Day after day,—a week had gone by, and not once had Ben Worth's tall figure darkened the doorway of his old playmate's home; and to-morrow he would leave for New York, on his way to the land of gold. Say had grown strangely silent and uncommunicative of late, and when Mrs. Worth "ran in" to consult her old neighbor on the number of shirts and socks necessary for her son's outfit, Say asked no questions, expressed no sympathy at sight of the good woman's tears, and made no offer, whatever, of her assistance in launching the traveler on his way. Even her mother's hints, in regard to "that travelin' dressin' case that you made for your father, when he went to Boston,—it hasn't been used since, and might as well go to somebody that it'll be of some use to," passed unheeded.

"It was no use," Mrs. Strong admitted in confidence to herself. "Say was her father's own child—sot as the hills, when she was once sot." And there she left the matter, where she had long since learned to leave all her cares and perplexities, in the bosom of a God-directed, God-sheltered future.

Ben dropped in, for a moment, on the evening before his departure, to say good-by to his old friends, and receive their hearty wishes for his success and safety:

"When you see a chance to make five dollars, take it, an' make sure o' that much, ruther 'n ter spend

yer time floatin' round, waitin' for a possible fortin' ter spring up in yer path. 'A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush,' just remember that, my boy." And the squire shook his young favorite heartily by the hand, while he winked hard, to keep back the moisture that would gather upon his rough lids.

"Don't forget the God of your fathers," whispered Mrs. Strong, with her hand upon his arm, and her motherly face all aglow with tender interest, "and he'll never forget or forsake you. Remember the promise: 'They who trust in the Lord shall not lack for any good thing.'"

The young man's lips trembled, and with a shy, sudden impulse he bent his head reverently as he pressed a kiss upon the wrinkled but comely face upturned to his own. "Now, Say," he said, half laughing to hide his emotion, "haven't you a good word for me, before I go?" And he looked searchingly into the quiet brown eyes that met his own without the least timidity or shrinking, as their owner replied, with a low, significant laugh:

"Only, that I would advise you to stick to your business, whatever it is; or, to put my advice into a more compact and portable form, always remember to 'hoe out your row.'"

"Your advice is sensible as well as characteristic," he said, coldly; but when the leave-takings were once fairly over, and he was at liberty to drop the mask that both pride and prudence had compelled him to wear in the presence of her he loved, even Say's unbelieving soul might have been satisfied with a sight of the bitter, unsatisfied tears that his humiliating disappointment wrung from him.

Five years have slipped away, bringing little outward change to the quiet dwellers beneath Squire Strong's comfortable roof. The squire and his wife still go about their daily duties, with the same quiet yet energetic faithfulness, while their seats at church and at the weekly prayer meeting are seldom vacant, even when the wintry drifts and summer's heat discourages many a younger Christian from venturing beyond the shelter of his own roof. As for Say,—no one has noticed it, and yet, there is a change, deep and abiding as it is beautiful.

The quick, sharp spirit that so often gave offense in her earlier girlhood has, somehow, unconsciously, perhaps, become toned down into a pleasant briskness that is pleasing to all, and fits well with the matured and more softly rounded face, that has lost its look of keen suspiciousness, and wears an expression far more in keeping with the ever kindly, often tenderly sympathizing words that now seem native to her lips. Nor have these graces of mind and body been suffered to develop in unnoticed obscurity. More than one of the young farmers thereabouts has been seen to tie his horse at Squire Strong's gate on a Sunday evening; but it has been observed that the same team was never seen there twice: and even the most uncharitable gossips in town have always exonerated Say from any imputation of coquetry.

But of late, people have begun to shake their heads knowingly whenever a certain grave, handsome, middle-aged gentleman, in garments of unmistakably city make, has made his appearance at the depot in the village, is received and entertained by the squire with his usual hearty hospitality, and introduced to friends and neighbors as, "Mr. West, a friend of ours, from the city." "A city lawyer," the gossips say, while "rich and a widower" is added, with sundry significant nods and winks, when the said "widower," accompanying Say Strong and her parents to church, hands her to her seat in the choir, with an air of grave, old-fashioned courtesy, before seating himself with the old couple in their pew below.

It has been noticed, too, of late, that Say's cheerful face has grown strangely thoughtful,—not sad, exactly, but undecided and doubtful, as if her heart and brain were refusing to agree upon some point of more than usual interest to their owner.

It was a pleasant, sunshiny Sabbath, the first in April, and as Say Strong took her seat in the choir, she noticed that the singers already present were clustered together, peering curiously at somebody or something in the body of the church,—what, she had no time to ask or see, for at the moment of her entrance the leader gave the signal, and every one dropped into his or her seat with the habitual promptness that a system of careful training had made easy and natural.

As they rose to sing the opening hymn, Say's eyes wandered, for an instant, to the dear old faces that always looked up at her with that little touch of prideful tenderness that she alone saw and felt, and

that warmed her heart and mellowed her voice as by some magic power. But to-day, a quick rush of emotion choked down the half-uttered notes, and her head grew giddy with a whirl of surprise, joy, pain,—for there, in the very seat next their own, was a tall, well-knit figure, only too familiar to her strained gaze, although the boyish red and white of his complexion had given place to the sun and beard-darkened hue of ripened manhood, and even the closely curling hair had lost something of its old-time gold; but the clear blue eyes looked up just as clearly and unsuspiciously into her own as of yore; indeed, she fancied, for a moment, that there was a half-smile of tender recognition in them, as, with a mighty effort, she put aside the throng of bewildering memories, and her sweet voice rose, full and clear, in the first line of the old familiar hymn:

"Return, ye wandering sinners, home."

The service was over at last, and as Say's foot touched the last stair, she looked up to meet that same frank smile and outstretched hand that had so often greeted her years ago, while a voice that was music to her ear exclaimed, eagerly:

"Will you welcome me home, Say?"

The lunch was gratefully received and enjoyed, and Say stood watching with a dreamy, half-absent eye, the form of her father, as he passed briskly from fire to fire, stirring, testing, and discoursing with pleasant volubility upon the quality, quantity, etc., of this year's sugar crop.

"It's the best, take it all together, that we've had for five years. You remember, Say, that year that Ben Worth went—"

His voice died away in the distance, as he hurried off to replenish a decaying fire; and Say stood looking thoughtfully down upon the blazing brands, while her slender fingers played nervously with a twig of soft, silky catkins that she had plucked on her way through the woods, and there was an unconscious pathos in her tones as she softly repeated her father's words:

"Five years of patient waiting, of uncomplaining silence, of—"

"Sugaring off!"

It was Ben Worth's voice that spoke the words, and Ben Worth's hand that clasped her own, as he whispered, with a tender, yet half-roguish significance:

"Will you accept the sugar as it is now, Say? It may not be of the first quality, to be sure; but if you will only try it, I will promise that it will do its best

was never alluded to by either, but was laid aside amid other precious relics of the past, as something too sacred for careless hands to intermeddle with—a sealed memory, to which their two hearts alone kept the key.

—Mrs. H. G. Rowe.

OLD HELL GATE FERRY HOUSE.

If we seek the spot from which the old Hell Gate Ferry House was drawn, we shall not find it as it was when visited by Mrs. Greatorex. What was then wild ground, where children used to play, is now a paved street—Eighty-sixth Street. The banks of the river are cut close to the few trees that are still standing, and the gnarled roots lie bare and dying. We look for the "Folk Lane" where we used to ramble, through tangled briars and sweet-smelling shrubs, under the arching branches of oaks and elms, embraced with vines and burdened with twining, blossoming things; but we find it sadly cut into, and we are debarred from entering it by a closed gate on which hangs the well-known board, "This is no Thoroughfare."

We reach the old Ferry House, and try to find out something about it, but without success. We are told that it was built over one hundred years ago,



SOLITUDE.—AFTER DAHL.

"How are ye? How are ye, Ben? Glad ter see ye agin!" and Deacon Sparmint crowded himself between the two, in the heartiness of his greeting, which was now re-echoed by old and young, who crowded joyously about their old favorite, with a perfect chorus of subdued welcomes, questions, and comments, while Say, quietly accepting Mr. West's offered escort, walked silently away, her heart full to overflowing with its bitter-sweet memories—trifles, perhaps, in their day, but now to her time-awakened vision, things of what infinite importance to her future peace.

The next morning, Mr. West took a dignified leave of his host and family, with the air of one who has no intention of returning at present, and Say, with a lightened brow, but with a little air of nervous expectation, that she tried her best to hide, busied herself with her usual tasks, that, as the day waned, seemed gradually to lose their interest for her, and, as the twilight began to fall, she remarked, in a wearied tone:

"I believe I'll go down to the sugar orchard, and carry father his supper; perhaps the walk in the open air will help my headache." And following up her own suggestion, she was soon picking her way along the old familiar path that, five years ago, she had threaded upon the same errand, with a step as firm, an eye as clear, and a heart (she smiled sadly, wonderingly to herself as she recalled that time) not yet wise enough to know itself.

toward sweetening away whatever drops of bitterness fate may mingle in your cup of life."

Say's face was turned away, but a loving hand gently drew the drooping head into the full light of the shameless fire, and a pair of tender, yet masterful eyes looked searchingly into her own. She tried to laugh, but the tears would come instead, and, dropping her head upon the broad shoulder beside her, she sobbed out a few broken words of loving acknowledgment that made her listener's heart bound with grateful joy.

"But where did you get that idea of the 'sugaring off?'" she asked, a little later, as they sat, side by side, before the cheerful fire, and Ben answered, with a slightly embarrassed air:

"Thereby hangs a confession. On the night that we parted here, I came back for my sap-ladle, that in the angry excitement of my leaving I had forgotten, and which I knew would be needed by my father the next day. I came just in time to hear your conversation with your father about me, and I stole away in a perfect agony of grief and mortification. It was that that sealed my lips on the evening of my departure for California, and it is that that now emboldens me to offer you the sugar that five long years of trial, toil, and self-denial have produced."

Say smiled—yet with tearful eyes—as she placed her hand in his, and from that day forth the fancy

which we can readily believe, for the front, with its pillared hall-door, is very ancient looking. We think of the old time when the dwellers hereabout used to take the horse ferry boat for Hallett's Cove to visit "Prince's Gardens," and when the gentry of the city took children and nurses, and, before the sun was up, started by the hilly and romantic road that led down to the dock here, to enjoy a holiday across the river, and visit at the country seats of their friends on Long Island. Where are they now?

"Gone like a wind that blew a thousand years ago."

We turn sadly away, and, with our curiosity unsatisfied, determine to learn something. So we open the gate of the Folk Lane, and knock at the door of one of the old houses there. Nobody is in but a servant, who has lived in the place eleven years, and has never been to the Ferry House! We smile, if we can, to think how our curiosity has been baffled, and stopping a moment on the porch, we look around us. The tall white pillars of the Astor House lie prostrate on the ground. The Prince House is all gone. Up toward Harlem we see the river through the trees. Crowds of white sails are passing to and fro upon the waters, which are as blue and sparkling as the sky above. We sigh for old New York, but we shall never see it again, except as Mrs. Greatorex shows it to us here.



OLD HELL GATE FERRY HOUSE.—ELIZA GREATOREX.

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THE COMET.

LAST year, before the carnival *fêtes*, a report came to Hunebourg, that the world was coming to an end. It was Doctor Zacharias Piper, of Colmar, who first spread this disagreeable news; he read it in the *Lame Messenger*, in the *Perfect Christian*, and in fifty other almanacs.

Zacharias Piper had calculated that a comet would descend from heaven on Shrove Tuesday, that it would have a tail thirty-five millions of leagues long, formed of boiling water, which would pass over the earth, so that the snows on the highest mountains would be melted, the trees dried up, and the people consumed.

It is true that an honest *savant* of Paris, named Popinot, wrote, a little later, that the comet would come without doubt, but that its tail would be composed of such light vapors that no one would feel the least inconvenience; that each one might attend quietly to his business; that he would be answerable for the truth. This assurance calmed all terrors.

Unfortunately, we have at Hunebourg an old wool-spinner, named Maria Finck, living in Three Pots Lane. She is a little old woman, white haired, all wrinkled, whom people go to consult in all the delicate circumstances of life. She lives in a low room, whose ceiling is ornamented with painted eggs, little bands of rose and blue, gilded nuts, and a thousand other curious things. She dresses herself in antique furbelows, and lives on buns, which gives her great authority in the country.

Maria Finck, instead of approving the opinion of good, honest M. Popinot, declared for Zacharias Piper, saying:

"Convert yourselves and pray; repent of your sins, and make your peace with the Church; for the end is near, the end is near!"

At the end of her room you see a representation of hell, where the people are going down by way of a road strewn with roses. No one mistrusts to what place this road is leading; they go dancing, some with a bottle in their hands, others with a ham, others with strings of sausages. A fiddler, his hat trimmed with ribbons, is playing on the fiddle to make their travels gay; several embrace their gossips, and all these unfortunates are approaching with carelessness a chimney full of flames, where the foremost of them are already falling, with their arms extended and their legs in the air.

Just imagine the reflections of all reasonable beings on seeing this representation. We are not so virtuous that each one of us has not a certain number of sins on his conscience, and no one can flatter himself that he will sit down immediately at the right of the Lord. No, it would be very presumptuous to dare to imagine that things are going like that; it would be the mark of a pride much to be condemned. So most people said:

"We will not make any carnival; we will pass Shrove Tuesday in acts of contrition."

Never was anything seen like it. The adjutant and the captain of the place, as well as the sub-officers of the Third Company of the —th garrison at Hunebourg, were really in despair. All the preparations for the *fête*, the great town hall which they had decorated with moss and trophies of arms, the stage which they had raised for the orchestra, the beer, the *kirschwasser*, the *bischofs* which they had ordered for the *buvette*, in short, all the refreshments were going to be pure loss, because the young girls of the city wouldn't hear anything more said about the dance.

"I am not wicked," said Sergeant Duchêne; "but if I had hold of your Zacharias Piper, he would be lodged roughly."

The most disappointed of all were Daniel Spitz, the secretary of the mayoralty; Jérôme Bertha, the postmaster's son; the tax-collector Dujardin, and myself. Eight days before we had made the voyage to Strasbourg to get costumes for ourselves. Uncle Toby had even given me fifty francs out of his own pocket, so that nothing should be wanting. I had chosen mine at M^{lle} Dardenai's, under the little arcades—a Pierrot's costume. It is a sort of shirt with large folds and long sleeves, trimmed with buttons in the form of onions, as large as the fist, which you toss from the chin to the thighs. You cover your head with a black cap, whiten the face with flour, and, provided you have a long nose, the cheeks hollowed and the eyes well shaded, it is admirable.

Dujardin, on account of his large paunch, had taken a Turk's costume embroidered on all the seams; Spitz had a Punch's coat, made of a thou-

sand pieces of red, green, and yellow, a hump before, another behind, a big *gendarme's* hat on the nape of his neck—you never saw anything handsomer. Jérôme Bertha was to be a savage, with parrot feathers. We were sure, in advance, that all the girls would quit their sergeants to hang on our arms, And when one goes to such expenses, to see everything going to the deuce for the fault of an old fool of a Zacharias Piper, isn't that enough to make one take a dislike to the whole human-kind?

In fine, what would you have? People have always been the same; fools will always have the upper hand.

Shrove Tuesday came. The sky was full of snow. They looked to the right, the left, above, below—no comet! The young girls all appeared confused; the boys ran to their cousins, to their aunts, to their godmothers, to all the houses: "Now, you see, that old Finck is crazy, and your ideas about the comet are not sensible. Do comets come in the winter-time? Don't they always choose the vintage-time? Come, come, it must be decided; what the deuce—there is time enough still."

The sub-officers on their side went into the kitchens and spoke to the servants; they exhorted them, and loaded them with reproaches. Several recovered their courage. The old men and women came arm in arm to see the great hall of the mayoralty; the suns between the windows, made of sabres, daggers, and the small tri-colored flags, excited universal admiration. Then there came a change; they remembered it was Shrove Tuesday; the young girls hastened to take their petticoats out of the *armoire* and to wax their little shoes.

At ten o'clock, the great town hall was full of people. We had gained the battle; not a young girl of Hunebourg was missing at the roll-call. The clarionets, the trombones, the great drum, resounded; the high windows shone in the night, the waltzers turned like madmen, the country dances went on in their fashion; the girls and boys were in an inexpressible jubilation; the old grandmothers, seated comfortably near the wreaths, laughed with all their hearts. They jostled each other in the *buvette*; they could not serve enough refreshments; and Father Zimmer, who had been allowed to furnish these, might brag of having made his cabbages fat on that night.

All the length of the outside staircase, you could see those who had refreshed too much come stumbling down. Outside, the snow fell steadily.

Uncle Toby had given me the house key, to come in when I wished. Up to two o'clock I had not missed one waltz, but then I had enough; the refreshments were turning about over the heart. Once out in the street I felt better, and began to deliberate whether I should go back again, or, whether I should go to bed. I would have liked to dance more; but on the other hand I was sleepy.

I decided to go home, at last, and I started for the Rue Saint Sylvestre, my elbow against the wall, and making all sorts of reasonings to myself.

For about ten minutes, I had been advancing thus into the night, and I was going to turn at the corner of the fountain, when, raising my nose by chance, I saw behind the trees on the ramparts a moon as red as a coal which was coming through the air. It was still millions of leagues off, but it was going so fast that it would be on us in a quarter of an hour. This sight upset me utterly; I felt my hair shriveling up, and I said to myself:

"It's the comet! Zacharias Piper was right!" And, without knowing what I was doing, I began to run toward the mayoralty. I climbed up the staircase, overturning those who were coming down, crying out in a terrible voice:

"The comet! the comet!"

It was just the best time of the dance; the big drum was thundering away, the boys were stamping their feet—raising the leg when they turned—the girls were as red as corn-poppies; but when they heard this voice rising in the hall, "The comet! the comet!" there was a profound silence, and the people looking about, saw every one pale, their cheeks drawn down and their noses sharp.

Sergeant Duchêne, darting toward the door, stopped me and put his hand over my mouth, saying:

"Are you crazy? Will you hold your tongue?"

But, I, throwing myself backward, did not cease repeating in a tone of despair, "The comet!" And, already the footsteps were heard rolling down the staircase like thunder, the people rushing outside, women groaning—a frightful tumult. Some old women, seduced by Shrove Tuesday, raised their

hands to heaven, stammering out: "Jesus! Maria! Joseph!"

In a few seconds the hall was empty. Duchêne left me; and hanging to the edge of a window, all exhausted, I looked out at the people who were running up the street. Then I went out, crazy with despair.

Passing by the *buvette*, I saw the sutler, Catharine Lagoutte, with Corporal Bouquet, who were drinking the last of a bowl of punch.

"Since it is ended," said they, "this will end it well." Below, on the staircase, a great number were sitting on the steps and confessing to each other. One said, "I have made usury!" another, "I have sold false weights!" another, "I have cheated at play!" All were talking at once, and from time to time they interrupted themselves to cry out together: "Lord, have mercy on us!"

I recognized Fèvre, the old baker, there, and Mother Lauritz. They beat themselves on the breast like wretched sinners. But all these things did not interest me; I had plenty of sins on my own account.

I soon caught up with those who were running toward the fountain. You should have heard the groans there; they all recognized the comet, and I found that it had doubled in size.

The crowd, standing in the shadow, never ceased repeating in lamentable tones:

"It is finished, it is finished! Oh, my God! it is finished! We are all lost!"

And the women invoked St. Joseph, St. Christopher, St. Nicholas; in short, all the saints in the calendar.

At this moment, I revised all my sins since I came to the age of reason, and I felt a horror at myself. I grew cold under my tongue, thinking that we were all going to be burned up; and, as the old beggar, Balthazar, was standing near me on his crutch, I embraced him, saying:

"Balthazar, when you are in Abraham's bosom, you will take pity on me, won't you?"

Then he replied, sobbing:

"I am a great sinner, M. Christian; for thirty years I have deceived the community out of love of idleness, for I am not so lame as they think."

"And I, Balthazar," said I to him, "I am the greatest criminal in Hunebourg."

We wept in one another's arms.

See, though, how people will be at the last judgment: kings with boot-blacks, citizens with the go-bare-foots. They will no longer be ashamed, one of the other; they will call each other brother; and he who is well shaved will not be afraid to embrace him who lets his beard go full of dirt, because fire purifies all, and the fear of being burned makes your heart tender.

Oh! without hell, we wouldn't see so many good Christians; that is the finest thing in our holy religion.

At last, when we had all been on our knees there a quarter of an hour, Sergeant Duchêne arrived all out of breath. He had run first toward the arsenal, and seeing nothing down there, he came back by the Rue des Capuchins.

"Well!" said he, "what is it, then, that you have cried about?" Then perceiving the comet: "Thousand thunders!" cried he, "what is that?"

"It's the end of the world, sergeant," said Balthazar.

"The end of the world?"

"Yes; the comet!"

Then he began to swear like a devil, crying: "Now, if the adjutant of the place was there—they might know the countersign!"

Then all at once, drawing his sabre, and creeping along the wall, he said: "Forward! I don't care for it; I must push a reconnaissance."

Everybody admired his courage; and, attracted by his audacity, I followed behind him. We went softly, softly, our eyes staring, looking at the comet, which grew visibly to the eye, making some thousands of leagues each second. At last, we came to the corner of the old Capuchin convent. The comet seemed to be rising; the farther we advanced, the more it rose; we were obliged to raise our heads, so that, finally, Duchêne had his neck almost broken, looking straight up in the air. Twenty steps further off I saw the comet a little to one side. I asked myself if it was prudent to advance, when the sergeant stopped.

"*Sacre bleu!*" said he, in a low voice, "it is the reflector."

"The reflector," said I, coming up; "is it possible!" And I looked astonished.



THE ONSET. — C. KRÖNER.

It was really the old reflector of the Capuchin convent. It was never lighted, for the reason that the Capuchins were gone since 1798, and at Hunebourg everybody went to bed with the chickens; but the night-watch, Burrihus, foreseeing that on that night there would be a good many drunk, had the charitable idea of putting a candle in, in order to prevent people from rolling into the ditch which runs along the ancient cloister, and then he had gone to bed by his wife's side.

We distinguished the branches of the lantern very well. The wick was as big as your thumb; when the wind blew a little, this wick would light up and throw out flashes, and that is what made it move like a comet.

Seeing that, I was going to cry out to inform the others, when the sergeant said to me:

"Will you be quiet? If they knew that we had charged on a lantern, they would make fun of us. Attention!"

He unhooked the chain, all rusty; the reflector fell, making a great noise; after which we ran away. The others waited a long time yet; but, as the comet was extinguished, they ended also by gathering courage and going to bed.

The next day, the report spread that it was on account of Maria Finck's prayer that the comet had been extinguished; so, since that day, she is holier than ever.

That is how things happen in the good little city of Hunebourg.

— *Erckmann-Chatrian.*

THE FRAUENKIRCHE AT NUREMBERG.

A FEW years ago the old city of Nuremberg was one of the most delightful places in all Europe, for one who wanted a pleasant, quiet, but not lonesome retreat from the busy, bustling world. It still had all the characteristics of a city of the Middle Ages. The old gray walls, venerable with centuries of decay, with their picturesque towers, battlements and gateways, still rose from the wide moat, long since dry and over-

grown with grass and shrubs, and seemed as if designed to protect the quaint old town against the invasion of modern improvements, as once against a less insidious enemy. But, alas, there are no bulwarks strong enough to resist the advances of this foe. First a hideous breach was made in the walls to accommodate a new railway by giving reader access to the station. It is only the first step that costs, and after this it was easy enough to knock out a hole here and there in the venerable walls, wherever it was considered necessary, until at length the leveling of the entire structure was decreed. The same spirit of Vandalism has been at work at Augsburg, and other ancient cities of Germany; and in a few years, unless some change of public sentiment should arrest the mania for demolition, their most characteristic features will exist only in pictures and photographs.

It may seem strange that a protest against "modern improvement" should come from America. Our countrymen have always been abused and berated for their supposed devotion to utilitarianism, and their lack of reverence and sentiment, and it must be confessed that there was much to justify the reproach; but underneath the surface there was always a strong love for things old and venerable. An American traveler, well known to the writer, who declared he was sick of the Rhine and its everlasting ruins, and would give the whole of them for the sight of a "good new barn," would go miles out of his way to visit an old castle, pretending, all the while, that it was only to gratify the romantic ladies of the party that he was thus complaisant. The glorious Rhine never had more enthusiastic admirers than its American visitors, whose sketch-books could testify to their preference for ruins to the fine and elegant chateaux of modern date. Doubtless, hundreds, hearing of the demolition of the old Nuremberg walls, have turned with affectionate regret to their penciled reminiscences of the crumbling battlements, grateful to have looked upon them before they had fallen under the sacrilegious hand of progress and improvement.

But although one of the great charms of old Nuremberg passes away with its venerable walls, it will be many years before the ancient city will lose all the attractions which have descended from the Middle Ages. Its narrow streets will, for a long time to come, present the quaint features of that curious mediæval architecture which is the delight of artists and the horror of sanitary commissioners. Most of the houses of old Nuremberg date from a time when every house had a character of its own, and when variety, and not the dead uniformity of modern city architecture, was considered desirable; and almost every building has peculiar attractions which distinguish it from those on each side. How soon one tires of the everlasting brown-stone fronts of our fashionable avenues, every one exactly like its fellows, and distinguishable only by the number on the door-plate. But in Nuremberg, and some other old European cities, where modern improvements have only just begun their ravages, the eye is constantly attracted and pleased by the quaint individuality of the dwellings and the public buildings, so different from the streets of a modern city, whether European or American, where block after block of houses and stores are as much alike as a handful of bullets from the same mould. In time, doubtless, all these will be swept away, with the exception, perhaps, of a few historical buildings, like Albert Dürer's house, and one or two others associated with the ancient glories of Nuremberg; but the grand old churches will probably remain unaltered and undespoiled for many generations to come.

Among these churches, the Frauenkirche, or Notre Dame, of which we give an illustration in connection with this article, is the most noteworthy, both for its architectural attractions, and the many works of art which it contains. The erection of this magnificent church was begun in 1354, under the auspices of the Emperor Karl IV., in honor of the Virgin Mary; it was completed in 1361, and dedicated with solemn and imposing ceremonies. The plastic ornamentation of the principal portal, which forms the subject of



THE FRAUENKIRCHE, NUREMBERG.—L. RAUSCHER.

our illustration, is considered the crowning glory of the Nuremberg school. These sculptures were the work of the gifted master, Sebald Schonhover, and are worthy of the closest attention. We cannot here enter into a minute explanation of these sculptures, and will only direct attention to the masterpiece of the whole, the figure of the Madonna seated on a throne on the middle column of the principal entrance; she holds the Christ-child on her knee, and on each side stands the figure of an angel. The engraving gives only the relations of the figures composing the group. It would be impossible, on so

small a scale, to convey an adequate idea of the grace and beauty of the sculptured forms. The interior of the church is richly ornamented with paintings and sculptures, many of which were taken from other churches. The visitor should not fail to notice the splendid Pergensdorfer monument, the handiwork of the gifted and celebrated Adam Krafft; nor the picture of the high altar, which, though painted in the fourteenth century, is considered one of the master-pieces of German art.

The surroundings of the Frauenkirche are also of great interest. Directly in front stands the Schöne

Brunnen, or Beautiful Fountain, erected by Schonhover and his brothers, and regarded as one of the principal attractions in the streets of Nuremberg. A very pretty sight is presented when the peasant girls, in their picturesque costume, gather about this fountain to draw water and have a social gossip. In the rear of the church stands another fountain, quite as celebrated, though it is grotesque rather than beautiful. It is called the Goose Fountain, from the figure of a dwarf holding a goose, which surmounts the structure. The market place in which it stands is called the Goose Market.

"RETURN IN PEACE."

"'RETURN!' What a name!" said Arabella Stewart. "How can you make up your mind to marry a man named Return? Return and Peace! How can people saddle children with such names?"

"Hush!" said I, sharply, for my mother Corbet (that was to be) was sitting with her knitting in the great chair by the window. "How can you be such a goose, Arabella?"

"Never mind, Rhoda!" said mother Corbet, smiling. She always had more patience with Arabella's vagaries than the rest of us. She used to say the girl had a genius for her father, and a fool for her mother, and what could you expect of her?

"I think Peace is a lovely name!" said my little step-daughter (that was to be), a bright little thing ten years old. "I was always glad I was named after auntie. Such names sound as if there was a story to them."

"Why so there is!" said Mrs. Corbet, "and if you girls like to sit down here, I'll tell it to you."

"Now, you must know," the old lady began, when we were fairly seated, "you must know, girls, that I had been married not quite a year when the war of 1812 broke out. We were living at father's, Orville and I, rather against both mother's wishes and mine. Not that mother did not think enough of both of us; but she said, and I thought, that young married folks were best by themselves. But father wouldn't hear of our going to housekeeping, and Orville was ready enough to give up to father, who generally got his own way because he made things so very disagreeable when he didn't. I don't wish to say anything undutiful of him, but he wasn't an easy man to live with, by any means."

"Orville was just

the contrary. Mother used to say he hadn't any self, he was always so ready to give up and give way, when his own comfort was in the way, though he could be as set as a meeting-house when any principle was concerned. He had a fierce temper somewhere inside of him, too. I knew that, though I had never had a glimpse of it but once.

"Now father was a great Democrat, and, of course, was all for the war; and Orville, being a Federalist, was a good deal against it. He allowed that there was enough to fight for, but he thought that we had just as much reason for fighting the French as the English, and that we were playing into Bonaparte's hands. He and father used to argue the matter, till mother and I were tired of hearing it. I knew it made mother uneasy, because father would get so excited, and finally I asked Orville to keep out of the dispute, if he could.

"It is not very easy, Sally!" said he; 'but I will,

if possible. I begin to think we had better have a house of our own. I am afraid I shall forget myself some day. Your father is so trying.'

"I saw Orville was worked up, and no wonder. Father never cared what he said, and always thought it was a great point in an argument to hurt your feelings. I told Orville I thought he was right, and went on talking about our housekeeping and some other things, till he was all quieted down; and we agreed that he should begin looking for a house that very day.

"With that evening came bad news from the West. We didn't have much but bad news the first two years, except from the Navy. It was all failure, and defeat, and disaster. The British turned the Indians

ried Reuben Beach, as he, father, wanted me to. Then, at least, I should have had a *man* for my husband, and not a Miss Molly.

"At that Orville got up and stood for a full minute, looking father in the face, with an eye that cowed even him. Then he went out of the room, and presently I saw him pass the window, going down toward the village.

"He didn't come home till after nine o'clock. I was at the door watching for him, for I felt uneasy; I didn't know why, only that it was such a very uncommon thing to see him angry. The minute I saw his face I knew what had happened. I don't know why, but it flashed on me, all in a minute, that he had enlisted. It was just so. There was a company in

the village who were to leave for the West in the morning, and Orville had joined them.

"I don't know whether it is well or ill, Sally!" said he, 'but it is done. I suppose your father will give you a home here, but if you don't find it pleasant, go down and stay at mother's. She will like to have you, and will do her best to make you comfortable.'

"Mother and I never went to bed that night, we were so busy packing Orville's clothes, and making him ready; I was about beside myself. I didn't blame Orville so much, knowing what provocation he had had; but I couldn't make up my mind to speak to my father. Orville did, however, and they parted good friends. Father felt badly enough when he saw what he had done, but it was too late then. He said Orville ought not to have minded what he said. Some people think you ought not to mind having red-hot needles run into you, though they won't bear a prick themselves.

"Reuben Beach went with Orville as far as Niagara, and brought me

back a letter from him. They had always been like brothers, even when they both wanted to marry me. Reuben was a quiet young man, who liked his flute and his books better than anything else. He was a Methodist and a class-leader, and father used to laugh at his ways; but he was rich for that time and place, so father and mother both favored him; but I had my way for all. Reuben came to the wedding, and made me a pretty present. He went on with his work and his studies, just as usual, only he got a sorrowful look that he never had before. I used to grieve about it, but I had nothing to reproach myself with, for I never gave him any encouragement.

"Well! The first two or three letters brought good news. Then I didn't have one for a long time, and thus I remember it as if it were yesterday! I was spinning in the kitchen. It was a very cold day in February, and father sat in the chimney corner reading, when we heard a horse going by very fast.



THE MORNING BATH.—H. WERNER.

"There is the mail rider!" said my father, rising; but before he could reach the door, Molly, our black woman, came running in with a letter and a handbill, such as they used to send out with news in those times. The handbill contained an account of the battle at Frenchtown, on the River Raisin, and the horrible massacre that followed. The letter was from Captain Symes, of our town, and told us that Orville was among the missing—whether killed in the battle, or murdered afterward by the Indians, he couldn't say. He was himself a prisoner in the hands of the British, and likely enough, so he wrote, to be killed and scalped anyhow; for the British officers let the Indians do just what they chose.

"Girls, I cannot tell you how I felt. I could not say a word, or shed a tear, or bear to have any one speak to me—father above all. I was full of a blind desperate resentment at everything in heaven and earth. I thought, at first, it would be a comfort to know that Orville was dead, and out of the hands of the Indians; but when a second letter came from Captain Symes, saying that he had some intelligence of Orville's being killed, I didn't find that it was any relief at all.

"Father bought for mother and me the most expensive mourning he could find, and did all he could for me, only he would now and then say something that stabbed me like a knife. I felt that he was the cause of Orville's going to the war, and I couldn't forgive him, or so I thought. I don't really believe I tried.

"The first person I spoke to out of our own family was Reuben Beach. He was Orville's executor and had charge of all his business, so I had to see him pretty often. He was the only one to whom I had ever mentioned Orville's name, and, the ice once broken, I seemed to find a certain pleasure in talking to him. He told me a great many things about Orville, when they were boys together, and, now and then, he would try to give me a bit of Christian comfort and counsel, but I wouldn't hear a word of that. I was not any way resigned, and didn't want to be. Still I liked to see Reuben. I little thought how it was going to end.

"One day I was coming in from the garden, and stopped a minute on the back stoop. I heard Reuben say something in a low voice. I didn't catch his words, and then father said:

"It will all come out right. Just wait till her health is settled again, and don't be in a hurry. I am sure I am sorry for Orville, but I always did want Sally to have you, and I guess it is all for the best."

"Till that minute, it had never come into my mind that any mortal should think there could be anything between Reuben and me. Of course, it didn't! I had only been married a year, and it wasn't two months since Orville's death. But now it flashed upon me all at once what father meant.

"Mother said I looked like a possessed creature as I came into the kitchen. I am sure I felt so. I suppose it was a good thing that I wasn't left to say anything. I looked at father a minute, and then I dropped in a dead faint on the floor. They thought I was dead at first, I was so long in coming to. I was pretty sick for two or three days, but I came out of it better than any one expected. I was able to sit up when mother Corbet came to see me, and in a few

days I went home with her. Mother thought it best. She had a great opinion of Mrs. Corbet, and she thought I should be better away from home. She promised to come to me when I was sick, as I expected to be before long, and I was content to go.

"Mother Corbet and her sister lived in a nice little house about ten miles from our place, up among the hills. They were both advanced in life, but strong and well, and as each had property of her own they were very comfortable. They were pleasant people to live with, especially when one was in trouble. There was a kind of solid, settled peace about them which made it a comfort only to be in the same room with them.

"I had been there only two weeks, and was getting into a better frame of mind, when a peddler brought me a letter, and a parcel from Reuben Beach. The letter was written from Niagara, and contained start-

and I thought if I died when my time came, I should certainly meet my husband in heaven. I grieved for him as much as ever, for I could not feel as if there were any hope of his being alive, but it was a different kind of grief. Somehow the bitterness had gone out of it, and out of me. I even wrote a letter to father, and he came over to see me. He was a good deal softened, I think, and though he didn't like my taking up with religious ways (for father was a great admirer of Tom Paine and that set), yet we parted good friends.

"Well, my time came, and I got through better than any one expected, and had two nice children, a boy and a girl. I had hoped all along that I should die, but when I saw my babies, I changed my mind. I could not but wish to live for their sakes.

"I was getting about again, when, one day, just at evening, the door opened and Orville walked in like a ghost. He was thin and pale, and sunburnt, with a great scar on his face, and in a terrible state for clothes, but I knew him at the first glance.

"But Reuben was not with him, and he never came back any more. By-and-by, when we were quieted down a little, Orville told us the whole story.

"It seems he had been badly wounded, and carried off by the Indians. He expected nothing but death, and that of the worst kind; but some old squaw who took a fancy to him carried him to her wigwam, and nursed him up. Still he was badly enough off at the best, and had no notion that he should ever come home alive. But Reuben made acquaintance with one of the chiefs named Black Partridge, a very good fellow for an Indian, and through him he managed to ransom Orville, and get him away. They were a good while on the road, and went through more dangers than I can tell you, and when they got as far as Lower Sandusky on the way home, Reuben broke down in a fever, and died in Orville's arms.

"I can't tell you how I felt when I saw that Reuben was going to die!" said Orville. "It seemed to me as if I couldn't have it so; but Reuben himself was calm as a summer sunset. He said he was glad to go, and I believe he was. When I lamented that he had given his life

for mine, he spoke up quite strong.

"Don't grieve for that, Orville!" says he. "I don't know how I could die any better. I love you and Sally better than any one in the world, and I have given you to each other. Return in peace, to your home and your wife." Then he said it over two or three times. "Return in peace! Return in peace!" fainter and fainter every time like an echo, and the last time that the poor soul said it, he passed away.

"We did not say anything for a little while after Orville had finished his story, till he got up and looked at the babies.

"What do you call them?" he asked. I told him we hadn't named them yet, but I had thought we would call the boy Reuben. He looked a little longer, and then said in a low voice:

"Sally, if you don't mind, I should like to call them after Reuben's last words: 'Return in Peace!'"

"So we did. We called the boy Return, and the girl Peace, and that is the way they came by their odd names."

—Lucy Ellen Guernsey.



"YOU NAUGHTY CHILDREN!"—A. GABL.

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

In the second half of the last century there lived in the Greek quarter of Constantinople a poor shoemaker, who had nothing he could call his own except a large and growing family. His children were remarkable for beauty, the pure Grecian type being developed in each one to a degree that excited universal wonder. The eldest, a girl born in 1773, was considered the most beautiful child in the whole city; and the poor shoemaker's friends used to say that Sophie, for that was her name, would yet make his fortune.

But how? By winning a wealthy son-in-law? Yes, but not exactly in the fashion which we are used to. At that time—and it is still the case to a great extent—the possession of a beautiful daughter was too often the means of enriching a poor man in a manner which Christian people regard with horror and detestation. Under the shameful code of morals then prevalent in the Turkish capital, the trade in beautiful women was not considered dishonorable. Greek girls as well as Circassian were sold in the public market, and the man who refused to accept a good price for a beautiful daughter, was regarded as over-scrupulous, or a fool.

In 1786, the old Marquis de Beauvière, French ambassador at the court of the Sublime Porte, saw the shoemaker's beautiful daughter, and was so captivated by her charms that he bought her of her father for the sum of 1,500 piastres.

His bargain was soon concluded. The poor shoemaker was raised above necessity, and no one ever thought of asking the daughter's consent. She was at once transferred to the ambassador's palace, and there surrounded with all the luxuries and delights that wealth could bestow.

She was richly clothed, attended by crowds of obsequious servants, learned to speak and write French, and attained considerable proficiency in music and other polite accomplishments.

Three years passed in this bewildering whirl, when the marquis was summoned back to France. He decided, for various reasons, to pursue the land route through Poland and Russia. It was his intention to transplant his beautiful Greek captive to his estate in the south of France, there being many reasons for not taking her to Paris. Stopping to rest a few days at the Russian frontier fortress of Kaminiezk-Podolsk, he inconsiderately allowed Sophie to accompany him on a visit to the commander of the post, Count Johann De Witt, a handsome cavalier and man of the world, who had scarcely passed his thirty-third

year. The contrast between him and the old marquis, who had kept her jealously from the sight of younger men, made a powerful impression on the susceptible heart of the young girl. The commandant was equally impressed; and the natural result followed. He found means to declare his love, and was assured that it was returned. It only remained to get rid of the ambassador on some reasonable pretext. Under pretense of viewing the beauties of the country, he was induced to accompany an adjutant in a ride outside the walls, leaving Sophie in charge of a lady. No sooner was he outside than the gates were closed. De Witt took the beautiful Greek before the priest, who speedily married them. The com-

With many misgivings De Witt at length yielded to her importunities; St. Petersburg at that time surpassed even Versailles in the luxury and frivolity of court life. Sophie burst upon this life like a new-risen star. Her beauty dazzled every eye. Even Catherine, in her declining years as great a sinner as in her youth, and subject to frightful paroxysms of jealousy when her lovers were attracted by younger charms, could not repress her admiration for this beautiful apparition from the south. The proudest nobles hastened to lay their wealth and titles at her feet. Among them was Count Stanislaus Felix Potozki, who was reckoned the handsomest, as he was among the richest, of all the courtiers who gave eclat

to the voluptuous court of Catherine. He was in the very prime of life, an aristocrat born and bred; a field marshal of distinguished services, and a great favorite with the empress. General De Witt's misgivings about introducing his beautiful wife into the whirl of court life were only too well founded. Sophie and Count Potozki fell in love at first sight. It is said they came to an understanding the first evening they met, at a court ball. There were barriers in the way which prevented a repetition of the play at the garrison town. Sophie was now the wife of a Russian general. But she had been bought once; why not again? Potozki was very rich. On his vast estates were above 200,000 serfs. He made the offer of an enormous sum to De Witt, conditioned on his releasing Sophie; and the general, knowing that he should lose her, concluded to make the best of a bad matter. The bargain was soon concluded. Sophie was divorced from De Witt and immediately married to Potozki.

Catherine was incensed at the affair. No moral

sense was left to be offended, but her vanity was deeply wounded, and certain plans for Potozki's political preferment, on which she had set her heart, were irrevocably deranged. The count retired to his estates with his beautiful wife, and there remained in retirement until the death of the empress. But the countess, her heart at rest, had learned to love retirement. She passed much of her time on a beautiful estate in the Crimea, on which Potozki had expended fabulous sums of money. Here two sons were born to them; and here, in 1803, Potozki died. The countess, still beautiful, occasionally appeared at court afterward, but for the most part lived on her estates, devotedly loved by friends and dependents for her kindness and benevolence. She died of consumption, in 1823, at Berlin, where she had gone to seek medical advice.



THE COUNTESS POTOZKI.

MUSIC.

THE SPRING FESTIVALS.

THE two musical festivals given under the direction of Mr. Theodore Thomas—in New York at the close of the month of April, in Cincinnati during the early part of May—were incomparably the most important affairs of the kind ever undertaken in the United States. The true lover of art cannot speak of them without enthusiasm, not merely because they were so admirably planned and so successfully carried out, but because their influence promises to be so great that they may be said to mark an era in American culture. Jubilees of the Gilmore pattern are at best only questionable enterprises. They stimulate the ambition of choral societies, and foster numberless country clubs, and do something to familiarize various communities with a few of the commoner classical works; but it may be doubted whether their influence upon the popular taste, on the whole, is good or bad. They certainly lead the majority of those interested in them in wrong directions. It is not "The Messiah" which makes the deepest and most lasting impression on their audiences and their singers; it is the red shirts, and the cannon, and the hundred anvils. They blunt the popular sense of all that is refined, and carefully finished, and really elevating in music, and teach people to be satisfied with work that is coarse and slovenly so long as it is showy and loud. Yet good musicians have been led to favor these overgrown festivals in the belief that by such vulgar celebrations the uncultivated multitude could be aroused to an interest in art, and then gradually led upward to better things. The great service which Mr. Theodore Thomas has done, this spring, is to expose the fallacy of this belief, and to prove that the people are already well enough educated to relish the very highest forms of music—in a word, that Bach and Beethoven will pay. When we have been brought to a recognition of this important truth there is no going backward. The crudities of Coliseum music are the abandoned follies of our immature days; henceforth we concern ourselves with the glorious company of the greatest of all masters; and therefore we say that Mr. Thomas's festivals mark a new era.

That we are able to appreciate what is set before us on these occasions is to be attributed in no small degree to Mr. Thomas himself. He has been quietly educating us for several years. In his Summer Concerts, amid the rattle of glasses, the fumes of smoke, the ceaseless chatter of voices, and the shuffling of feet; in his Winter Soirées at Steinway's, before audiences gradually growing in numbers and warming in temper, from chill politeness to roaring enthusiasm; in his annual tours through the country, under difficult and sometimes discouraging circumstances, he has persevered in his noble undertaking, never stooping to flatter a debased taste, never losing sight of his great purpose, to teach the people as well as to amuse them. How long has he pursued this career? If we are not mistaken, it is about five years. That is to say, he has given about fifteen hundred concerts, and in all the immense amount and variety of music which such a course represents, he has placed no trash. Let us think for a moment how many thousands of persons must have felt the influence of these concerts, how many minds must have been enlightened and elevated, how much latent musical taste must have been developed, how many false ideas must have been corrected, by familiar acquaintance with the noblest creations of genius, and we shall understand how it is that Mr. Thomas has formed his audiences.

The last series of his Symphony Concerts in New York marked a long step in advance of all his previous winter enterprises. The music was of a more severely intellectual character than that of former years, and it cannot have escaped notice that it was more generally and heartily enjoyed. The ambition to close this series with something of phenomenal splendor and excellence resulted in the festival which began at Steinway Hall on the 22d of April. The series had been progressive, moving constantly onward and upward toward a higher ideal, and it could have but one climax. Beethoven had been taken as the foundation for each successive programme, and musicians foresaw that the regular development of the intellectual element in the music led inevitably to the Ninth Symphony. But, to give the Ninth Symphony, a better choral force was needed than New York could supply. Hence the Handel and Haydn Society was brought from Boston, and the visit of that organization naturally shaped itself into a festival.

The first performance was Mendelssohn's "Elijah." There is probably no other oratorio which gives so much delight to miscellaneous audiences. Handel surpassed it in grandeur, but nobody has ever surpassed it in beauty, freshness, and variety. Of all sacred compositions it is one of the most dramatic and one of the most melodious. The Handel and Haydn Society have made it their favorite study for years. There is not one of its delicate beauties, not a refinement of expression, not a shade of emphasis, to which they have not devoted the closest and most intelligent care. Our readers can easily understand therefore that when they sang it in New York, animated by the ambition to do themselves the greatest possible credit with a strange audience, and excited by the peculiar influences of the festival, they gave incomparably the most beautiful performance of an oratorio ever heard in New York. It was the emphatic verdict of their leader, Mr. Zerrahn, their president, and other officers of the society, that they had never done the "Elijah" better than they did it that night, and we believe they have seldom done it so well. How superb was their opening chorus, "Help, Lord! wilt thou quite destroy us?" how exquisitely graceful the "Blessed are the men who fear him;" how heart-moving the prayer of the Israelites, "Open the heavens and send us relief;" how sublime those mighty songs, "Thanks be to God," "Be not afraid," and "Behold! God the Lord passed by!" The hymn of the priests of Baal was shouted with a force, splendor, and spirit we never heard surpassed, and that most delicious of Mendelssohn's choruses, "He watching over Israel," was as near perfection as any music we can expect to hear. Certainly, New York audiences had a new revelation of the capabilities of chorus singing and of the character of oratorio music. It surprised them; it stirred their feelings; and moist eyes and bowed heads all over the room showed how deeply it moved their sympathies. It is very seldom that the public pays to a chorus the tribute of tears; but this token of appreciation was unquestionably won by the Handel and Haydn Society. A large measure of their

success was due to the orchestra. If the people of New York confessed that they had never heard such a chorus before, the chorus, on the other hand, declared that they had never sung with such an accompaniment. Mr. Thomas's own orchestra was reinforced by the addition of about twenty performers, and it is not too much to say that they threw a new light upon many parts of the score, and developed beauties in the work which none but the closest students of Mendelssohn had previously appreciated. We must mention, particularly, the playing of the wind instruments in the chorus of the Pagan priests, "Baal, we cry to thee," and the violoncello obbligato in Elijah's solo, "It is enough," played by six instruments with such absolute precision, and such remarkable pathos, that the six seemed to be touched by a single hand. It is one invariable merit of Mr. Thomas's band that the strings are not "scratchy." Everybody who attends the common run of oratorio performances has learned to yawn over the scraping of thin and dry accompaniments, and the fault is commonly supposed to lie with the composers who knew nothing of the richness and fullness of the modern orchestra. Mr. Thomas has given us some new ideas on that subject. His men played the accompaniments at the festival precisely as Mendelssohn and Handel wrote them, and added no instruments which were not indicated in the score; but the "scratchiness" all disappeared, because their intonation and their ensemble were both so perfect.

The solo parts in "Elijah" provoked rather ungenerous, and, we think, rather unjust criticism from several of the daily newspapers. Mrs. Julia Houston West, the soprano, has long been regarded among the best of American interpreters of this style of music. She belongs to a good school, and her style reminds one of that of Madame Parepa-Rosa, being simple, dignified, and sympathetic. In New York, however, the best training and the highest intelligence count for little with the general public after a singer has lost the first freshness of youth, and the fact that Mrs. West's fine voice is somewhat worn is a misfortune which the people were unwilling either to forget or forgive. Mr. Nelson Varley, the English tenor, was also rather roughly treated, although he, too, has an excellent style, with a noble, albeit somewhat uncertain, voice. The only members of the quartette who satisfied everybody were Miss Cary and Mr. Whitney.

We will not take time to notice in detail the second, third, and fourth days of the festival, during which the Handel and Haydn Society sang several of the huge double choruses from Handel's "Israel in Egypt," and participated in Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," and Rubinstein, Wieniawski, and several other artists, together with the orchestra, gave some admirable miscellaneous concerts; but we come at once to the closing performance. The first part was given up to the orchestra, now increased to one hundred, and contained two of the most charming compositions known in the higher class of music. These were Bach's Suite in D (No. 3), and the two movements of Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B Minor. We shall hardly be accused of exaggeration when we say that the performance was incomparably the best of its kind ever heard in New York, and connoisseurs listened to it with mingled pleasure and amazement. Then, after a brief intermission, came Beethoven's Choral Symphony. The chorus, which numbered 400 at the beginning of the week, had been reduced to about 300. They were led this evening by Mr. Thomas, all their previous appearances having been under the command of their own conductor, Mr. Carl Zerrahn. The three instrumental movements furnished remarkable illustrations of an orchestra feeling the influence of its own work, and pushed onward to better and better things. The Ninth Symphony, in fact, inevitably inspires its interpreters to extraordinary exertions, or else it is a failure. The scherzo and adagio were played with an inspiration far beyond the ordinary style even of the Thomas orchestra, and the wonderful recitative for the double basses, which serves as a prelude to the vocal part, assumed a character indescribably sublime. The Choral movement can never be heard without a feeling of awe, which, in sensitive people, amounts sometimes almost to terror. To say that it ever gives pleasure would be a misuse of words. It excites and amazes rather than gratifies. Hence we never expect it to be followed by furious applause, and if we watch the faces of the audience during its performance, we shall find anxiety written on them instead of the more grateful sensations which music commonly excites. But afterward the thoughtful hearer begins to realize that he has listened to the grandest composition of all time, and the impression grows deeper and deeper as his mind dwells upon it. Certainly, the superb effect of the closing performance of this festival did not pass away when the shouts and the clapping subsided, and the victorious musicians went home to rest after their tremendous labor. It will long be remembered as a glorious night, that has had no parallel in the experience of New York, and is not likely soon to be repeated.

The Cincinnati Festival will perhaps have a more decided influence upon musical culture than the festival in New York, because it was a triumph won on a perfectly new field. Mr. Thomas had not the assistance in the western city of a trained society of singers, nor had he a highly cultivated (we mean musically cultivated) and experienced audience. He had to create his chorus in the short space of a few weeks, and he had to bring the Choral Symphony, the Dettingen Te Deum, and similar works, before a public which knew very little of the class of productions to which those masterpieces belong. Yet not only were the performances entirely successful from an artistic point of view, but they were hailed with unbounded delight by the audience. The Choral Symphony is said to have been superbly rendered, and it was quite as keenly relished in Cincinnati as it was in New York. The immediate result of the week's triumphs was a resolve, carried by the acclamations of eight or ten thousand people, at one of the closing performances, that there should hereafter be a festival in Cincinnati every year. This signal success will set musical taste in the West many years in advance, and promises to convert Cincinnati, in the course of a very few seasons, into an art centre rivaling in importance New York and Boston. The new chorus is declared to be already, in some respects, the finest in America. An orchestra has been organized in Cincinnati; an orchestra is projected at Chicago; the Handel and Haydn Society meditates some extraordinary things for its next triennial festival in Boston; and we shall not be surprised if a great change is perceptible in the conditions of music in the United States even as soon as next winter.

ART.

THE GRAY COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS.

AMONG the different processes now in use for the reproduction of works of art at a moderate cost, there are two which may be considered successful—the Albertype Process, and the Heliotype Process. The excellence of the former consists in the certainty with which it reproduces the light and delicate touches, the hinted shadows and aerial effects of the work that it copies—the excellence of the latter in the certainty with which it reproduces whatever is strong, and bold, and masterful in its original. They do not clash as rival processes, or need not, for each supplements the other. The Heliotype Process is best for the work that it is now doing here, and of which Messrs. J. R. Osgood & Co. are the publishers. This is no less than the reproduction of the famous "Gray Collection of Engravings," which is owned by Harvard College, and which is said to be the most perfect and complete in this country. One must know much more than the average connoisseur in art to be able to understand and appreciate its value and importance. It contains the choicest and most costly proofs of many of the best engravers in the world, and is especially rich in the original works of Albert Dürer, Rembrandt, Marc-Antonio, Lukas Van Leyden and Caracci, and the best engravings of Raphael Morghen, Longhi, Toschi, Anderloni, Müller, Wille, Strange, Sharp, Woollett, etc., from the pictures of the greatest of the old masters. Its value in money, which is very large, is not to be compared with its art value, which was increased a thousandfold by the common sense of the Curator of the Collection, who saw that its reproduction would greatly serve the purposes of general art education, and by the uncommon sense of the President of Harvard, who allowed it to be reproduced. As a rule the custodians of such treasures are not given to the dissemination of their treasures in this fashion, or, indeed, in any fashion whatever. They generally prefer to keep them exclusively to themselves and their Institution.

Messrs. Osgood & Co. promise to reproduce, by the Heliotype Process, four or five hundred engravings in the Gray Collection. We hope they will do so, and we believe they will, their Heliotypes are so excellent, and so moderate in price. The last consideration ought to give them a large circulation. They have published so far about fifty, among which are eleven by Albert Dürer, five by Rembrandt, and three by Lukas Van Leyden.

The Dürers will probably attract the most attention, as being the furthest removed from the art of the present day. They will not be understood any more than the engravings of Blake were, but Blake himself would have admired them profoundly, and have thought that there were two great artists in the world—Dürer and himself. We are in another world while we are looking at them—what world we know not, but certainly not the world that we see every day. It is the world of grim and terrible realities unveiled to us in "The Dance of Death." One of the most striking of the Dürers—"The Knight of Death," is here, and eerie enough it is, too. To say that there is a knight in the foreground, mounted and clad in complete armor, his sword by his side, and his lance over his shoulder; that beyond him, also mounted, there is a strange figure that wears a spiked crown around which serpents are writhing, and holds in its hand an hour-glass; that behind these there is a strange beast, and above all, perched on a rocky hill, a walled city with towers, is not even to indicate, much less to describe this singular etching. The "Shield and Death's Head" etching is less grisly, and will be more liked; there is a sense of beauty in it, though we cannot see exactly where. "St. Anthony Reading" transports us back to the Middle Ages, when men of St. Anthony's type were not only possible, but actual, and were devoutly believed in. Better than these, the general lover of art will think, are Dürer's heads of Melanchthon and Bilibald Pirckheimer: they are admirable character studies, the last being so strong and massive as to impress us with the feeling that if ever mortal man escaped death, this was the man.

There is an air of reality about the Lukas Van Leyden etchings which is not to be found in the Dürers. "The Milkmaid," for example, is just about such a group of figures and cattle as we might come upon to-day in some out-of-the-way, primitive, old village, where poverty and thrift go hand in hand. There is a still greater air of reality in "David Playing before Saul," but it happens to be a German and not a Jewish reality. One's first impulse is to smile at the anachronism of the whole thing, but the sincerity of the work sets us to thinking about the artist by whom it was drawn, and the people for whom it was drawn, to whom it was, no doubt, the best art in the world, it was so honest and earnest. Every face in it is the portrait of some dead and gone old German, whom Lukas Van Leyden knew. "The Virgin in a Glory," lifts us on a higher plane of art. It is a tender, thoughtful realization of the Holy Mother and Child, and is worthy of careful study. We prefer it, ourselves, to many more ambitious works in which the same subject is attempted.

Sacred art is well represented by Rembrandt's "Christ Preaching," and by Annibale Caracci's "Christ of Caprarola," a human and pathetic rendering of the dead Christ, lying at the foot of the cross. Mantegna's "Triumph of Caesar" is as vigorous and noble, Gothic though it be, as a group from the Parthenon. The Gray Collection is rich in portraits, and among those already issued are two heads of notable Frenchmen, engraved by Antoine Masson—"Gaspard Charrier," after Blanchet, and "Guillaume de Bressac," after Mignard. They are magnificent examples, both of the artists and their masterly interpreter in black and white. There is a fine Van Dyck here—"Don Carlo Colonna," the half length of a soldierly-looking, elderly man in armor: a good Jan Lievens; and, best of all, in our way of thinking, a head of Cervantes, engraved by Bouvier, after Velasquez. It is a grave, sad face that looks at us and into us—the face of a thinker who has suffered, but has preserved the sweetness and sharpness of his mortal wit—the veritable face of the Cervantes who wrote Don Quixote.

The process by which the Gray Collection is brought within our reach does not concern us: we have only to look to the result. It is claimed that prints produced by it are absolutely indestructible; it is certain that they are cheap. We have no fear that it will injure engraving, for engraving is an art that cannot die. It really supplements it, by restoring to modern life the works of many of the old masters.

LITERATURE.

As we have the authority of Shakspeare for believing that "nothing can come of nothing," we suppose the philosophical student of American Literature, if it shall have one in the future, will be able to detect the causes which have led to the present school of Dialect Poetry. They lie, we dare say, upon the surface of modern Poetical Literature, English as well as American, and we hazard the conjecture that the perfect art of Tennyson, the profound art of Browning, and the profane art of Swinburne, have done a good deal toward producing them. The mass of those who read poetry, if they are ever sufficiently numerous to be considered a mass, read it for the pleasure that it affords them, and cease to read it when it ceases to afford them pleasure. They may be carried away by the splendor of a poet's diction, or the subtlety of his speculation, but it is only for a time; they must have more than this, if they are to continue to read and to admire him: they must have something that they will not tire of—something that will hold them; and this something, in its last analysis, is Sense, Nature, Simplicity. We have only to glance over the last three centuries of English Literature to see that this assertion is a fact. Who were the most popular poets of the first half of the seventeenth century? Waller and Cowley—not the studious young gentleman who wrote "Comus." Who reads Waller and Cowley now, and who does not read "Comus"? Who was the most popular poet of the last half of the same century? Not the old blind man who wrote "Paradise Lost," but Dryden. The whirligig of Time has brought about its revenges, and to-day Milton is read, and Dryden is not. There is good manly writing in Dryden, however, as there is delicious writing in Lovelace, Suckling, Carew, and the rest of those graceful triflers; but the sense, the weight of Milton and Shakspeare is wanting. They went out of fashion when the taste for their fashion died.

It is too soon to say that the present fashion of English poetry is dying; but not to see that it is changing is to be blind. The English are beginning to tire of it, and we are beginning to tire of it. They are looking for something new, and for the first time in our intellectual history we are producing it for them. They took up Walter Whitman, who has not yet been taken up by us, except to be put down again; they took up *Artemus Ward*, who is certainly a poet, if Whitman is; they took up *Mark Twain*, Bret Harte, John Hay, and Joaquin Miller. The jaded mind of reading England wanted a new sensation, and found it in the writings of the estimable gentlemen we have mentioned. Of course, we also accepted this band of gentle humorists, for why should we reverse the judgment of the British public when it was favorable to ourselves? They wanted something that was not English, these sated mental voluptuaries, and we gave them something that was not English, nor American either, for that matter, though they could not be expected to know that. They wanted oddity—the *outré*, the *bizarre*, and they got it, and are getting it. Perhaps they were right in wanting it, perhaps not; at any rate they were tired of what they had. If their own poets had only been a little keener they might have supplied the home poetic market in advance of our singers, whose wares (dreadful thought!) would have been thrown back on their hands. Tennyson had shown his countrymen what he could do in dialect poetry in his "Northern Farmer;" Barnes had long shown them what he could do in his Dorsetshire poems; they had any number of dialect poets, not forgetting the greatest of all—Burns, but they were not satisfied with them. They were not even satisfied with the "Bigelow Papers," which, perhaps, gave them the first taste for characteristic American verse.

If we may trust our impressions as laymen, any one who will may write what is now considered characteristic poetry—any one, that is, who can write verse at all; but no one save a poet can really write it well. We should quote, in illustration of this last assertion, Lowell and Bayard Taylor, and afterward Bret Harte and John Hay. "Zekle's Courtin'" is the best dialect poem of which love is the theme in American Literature; and in the way of character-studies, if we may call them such, we have nothing so good as "The Quaker Widow," and "John Reed's Thoughts." For a rough dramatic sketch, "Jim" is the best thing that we have; and for just what it is "Little Breeches" will wear. After these poems we should place "Betsey and I are Out," by Will Carleton, whose "Farm Ballads" have lately been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The difference between Mr. Carleton and the writers we have named is not a difference of degree, but of kind; they are poets, while he, we think, is not—at any rate, he has not yet proven himself to be one by anything that he has produced hitherto. What he has written is what many other clever men could have written, if they had happened to hit on the theme of "Betsey and I." If there is any poetry in it, it is in the conception; the execution is prosaic. The situation is good, as the playwrights would say: an old farmer and his wife have quarreled, and have agreed to separate, and the farmer is talking with a country lawyer about the papers that he is to draw up for him, and the disposition that he is to make of his property. It is manly, as becomes the old farmer, but somehow it does not touch us as it should; something is wanting, some inner sparkle, some little hint of pathos—the undefinable touch of nature that a poet would have imparted. Our readers, however, shall decide for themselves, in what follows:

"Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half; For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day, And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam; But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home; And I have always determined, and never failed to say, That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'able pay: A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day; Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at; Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much; Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such! True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young; And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps, For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps; And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down, And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon— I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon; Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight— She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean, Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen; And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts, Exceptin' when we've quarreled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night, And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right; And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know, And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur: That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her; And lay me under the maples I planted years ago, When she and I was happy before we quarreled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me, And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree; And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer If we loved each other the better because we quarreled here."

As a rule it is unsafe for a writer to take up a theme which he has successfully handled. We should not have advised Mr. Carleton to write a second ballad about the old farmer and his wife, but he has done so, and has succeeded better than could have been expected. Here is the way in which his papers were received when he reached home at night:

"And when I went in the house the table was set for me— As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see; And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could, And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house, But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a mouse; And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup, And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drewed the agreement out, And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas about; And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf, And read the article over quite softly to herself; Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old, And lawyers' writin' ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch, And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much; But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin' with tears, And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir—I didn't come to inquire— But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire; And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow: And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash; And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night, And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light; And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again."

Among the subjects which Mr. Carleton handles best we should place "Over the Hill to the Poor-House." The subject is so painful we wish we could think that it could not be drawn from real life, but unhappily for human nature we know better. It is not an uncommon event in New England for sons and daughters to allow their parents to go to the poor-house, when they are no longer useful to them, but we had no idea that it ever happened anywhere else, least of all in the bounteous region of the West. We are sorry that Mr. Carleton has undeceived us. How his old heroine came to meet her fate she herself tells us in her own homely fashion:

"Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!— I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons; And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray, I've noticed it sometimes, somehow, fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown, And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone; When John he nearer and nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be, The Lord of Hosts he come one day an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall— Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all; And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown, Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile— She was quite conceited, and carried a heap o' style; But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know; But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an education, an' that was good for her; But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too far; An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick), That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done— They was a family of themselves, and I another one; And a very little cottage one family will do, But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye, An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try; But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow, When Charley turned ag'in me, and told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small, And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all; And what with her husband's sisters, and what with child'n three, 'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

And then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got, For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot; But all the child'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce— And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West, And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best; And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old, And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, and shifted me about— So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out; But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down, Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my child'n dear, good-by! Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh; And God if I judge between us; but I will al'ays pray That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

There is a sequel to this ballad, which is not so well written, but which is needed, if the principle of making everything end well is to be carried out in verse. The principle is a false one, we think, or the tragic element in art is a false one—we leave the critics to decide which. Meanwhile let us give our readers a specimen of the comic element in "Tom was Goin' for a Poet." It is an old farmer who discourses, and he has our profoundest sympathy; for though we don't know him in the flesh, we are certain that we do know his Tom, who hasn't reformed at all, but, on the contrary, keeps writing and sending THE ALDINE whole reams of his poetry:

"Tom was goin' for a poet, an' said he'd a poet be; One of these long-haired fellers a feller hater to see; One of these chaps forever fixin' things cute and clever; Makin' the world in gen'ral step 'long to tune an' time, An' cuttin' the earth into slices an' saltin' it down into rhyme.

Poets are good for somethin', so long as they stand at the head; But poetry's worth whatever it fetches in butter an' bread. An' many a time I've said it: it don't do a fellow credit, To starve with a hole in his elbow, and be considered a fool, So after he's dead, the young ones 'll speak his pieces in school.

An' Tom, he had an opinion that Shakspeare an' all the rest, With all their winter clothin', couldn't make him a decent vest; But that didn't ease my labors, or help him among the neighbors, Who watched him from a distance, an' held his mind in doubt, An' wondered if Tom wasn't shaky, or knew what he was about.

Tom he went a-sowin', to sow a field of grain; But half of that 'ere sowin' was altogether in vain. For he was al'ays a stoppin', and gems of poetry droppin'; And metaphors, they be pleasant, but much too thin to eat; And germs of thought be handy, but never grow up to wheat.

Tom he went a-mowin' one broilin' summer's day, An' spoke quite sweet concernin' the smell of the new-mowed hay. But all o' his useless chatter didn't go to help the matter, Or make the grief less searchin' or the pain less hard to feel, When he made a clip too sudden, and sliced his brother's heel.

Tom he went a-drivin' the hills and dales across; But, scannin' the lines of his poetry, he dropped the lines of his boss. The nag ran fleet and fleet, in quite irregular metre; An' when we got Tom's leg set, an' had fixed him so he could speak, He muttered that that adventur' would keep him a-writin' a week.

Tom he went a-ploughin'; and couldn't have done it worse; He sat down on the handles, an' went to spinnin' verse. He wrote it nice and pretty—an' agricultural ditty; But all o' his pesky measures didn't measure an acre more, Nor his p'int's didn't turn a furrow that wasn't turned before.

Tom he went a-courtin';—she liked him I suppose; But certain parts of courtin' a feller must do in prose. He rhymed her each day a letter, but that didn't serve to get her; He waited so long, she married another man for spite, An' sent him word she'd done it, an' not to forget to write.

Tom at last got married; his wife was smart and stout, An' she shoved up the window and slung his poetry out. An' at each new poem's creation she gave it circulation; An' fast as he would write 'em, she seen to their puttin' forth, An' sent 'em east an' westward, and also south an' north.

Till Tom he struck the opinion that poetry didn't pay, An' turned the guns of his genius, an' fired 'em another way. He settled himself down steady, an' is quite well off already; An' all of his life is verses, with his wife the first an' best, An' ten or a dozen child'n to constitute the rest."

This does not strike us as being poetry, but we like it nevertheless, as we like some of the comic pieces of Hood, and we would rather have written it than many poems, so-called, that appear in our magazines. We can understand Mr. Carleton's verse, and extend our hand to him—we wish we could say with the laurel in it. But we dare say it doesn't matter to him: he writes for something better—everybody, in fact, writes for something better now. Laurels, indeed! the only laurels that are worth having are the kind that clever publishers gather for their lucky poets—substantial, solid laurels the leaves of which are greenbacks. Mr. Carleton's place is not among the writers of dialect verse, or not among the writers of such positive dialect verse as "Zekle's Courtin'" and "Jim," which embrace the extreme limits of our Continent, or "The Stampede" of our contributor S. Lang, which represents the rude elements of trapper-life between the two; but rather among the writers of ballads the themes of which are taken from the common life of our country people. There is a world of poetry of a certain sort here, as we shall discover when the right man gets hold of it. He will not need to write in dialect, though it is probable that his verse will be flavored with local idioms, the fitness and felicity of which will be felt everywhere, but he will not go out of his way to avoid it when the subject matter demands it. He will know what he is writing about, and his instinct will help him to the form it should take: culture will not aid him at first, though it may when the character of his genius is determined. If he is a farmer, we shall have perfect because true pastorals; if he is a sailor, he will sing of the dangers and delights of the sea; if he is a backwoodsman, he will impress us with his knowledge of forest lore; if he is a laborer, we shall know from him what is in the heads and hearts of his fellows. Where and who is he—the coming American poet?

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VIEW ON LONG ISLAND SOUND.—M. F. H. DE HAAS, N. A.